SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 62. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY AUGUST 5, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 3.

ALAS, SO LONG!

BY D. G. ROSSETTI.

Ah! dear one, we were young so long,
It seemed that youth would never go,
For skies and trees were ever in song,
And water in singing flow,
In the days we never again shall know.
Alas, so long!
Ah! then, was it all spring weather?
Nay; but we were young and together.

Ah! dear one, I've been old so long,
It seems that age is loth to part,
Though days and years have never a song,
And, oh! have they still the art
That warmed the pulses of heart to heart?
Alas, so long!
Ah! then, was it all spring weather?
Nay; but we were young and together.

Ah! dear one, you've been dead so long—
How long until we meet again,
Where hours may never lose their song,
Nor flowers forget the rain,
In glad moonlight that never shall wane!
Alas, so long!
Ah! shall it be then spring weather?
And, ah! shall we be young together?

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON,"

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

NOW that girl, Prue, who is gone, she won't bring the Philistines on us, I hope? she suspects nothing, does she?"

"She hasn't sense enough," returned Prue. "But I won't answer for this odd bird from the sea not getting her eyes opened."

"The eye-salve will be your speech then, Prue, for I shall not enlighten her."

"She'll hear nothing from me," said Prue stiffly. "I've proved I can keep a quiet tongue, begging your pardon for saying so."

"Well, well, so you have. Keep gruff as a bear, Prue, and I shall be contented. Where did that odd music come from last night? Have you found out?"

"No one heard it but you." And Prue smiled grimly, as if she had thoughts about her master's wits best held within her own mind. "And I don't know who it was, or what it was, unless it was the 'stonnack sounds.'"

"And what may they be?" asked her master.

"Oh, just as if hundreds of birds were in the air, singing their sweetest! They begin about ten o'clock and go on till midnight at times. They are heard oftenest round about St. Ives."

"Then it was not the 'stonnack sounds,' said Mr. Fitzurse; "and I shall believe in them when I hear them, Prue. This is one of your odd Cornish stories which you expect strangers to credit."

Very much insulted by this remark, Prue gathered up the breakfast-things and departed without replying.

Left alone, Mr. Fitzurse drew his letters towards him and leant his forehead on his hand as he bent over them, with a shade of paleness growing over his brown face.

Three or four days went on quietly; he took his long daily rides, often not returning till dark, while Prue grumbled at the spoiled dinner and Grace sat in solitude by the child's cot.

He asked no questions as to her story, her satisfaction with her anomalous position in his odd household; but whether he was silent from indifference, or carelessness, or from fear to disturb the tranquil sea of his own content none knew.

As for Prue, she watched and waited, and thought herself clever in what she was doing.

Never had the wan and sickly child thriven as he throve now under Grace's gentle care; never had such happy laughter rung from his young lips; never had his small feet danced through corridor and hall so gally as during these few sunny days, since the incubus of constant tears and fretfulness was lifted from his little life. And Prue, seeing this, said to herself—

"Wait a bit till she gets used to being here; she won't go then. I shan't trouble yet to look for some one to take that gowk's place."

So Prue waited, but time rushed on, and the hours as they passed seemed to Grace to turn grave faces on her, chiding some delay some purpose wasted or set aside for mere ease of heart.

And yet she had thought to suffer fiery anguish unflinchingly for a great aim; but now she shrank from it and sat among the flowers, craving only a rest from her own dreams.

The child's happy face made a sunshine for her among the shadows of her fears and longings; above all, it held her here, when the strong conviction forced itself upon her that this was but a halting-place in her pilgrimage, and every morning was a trumpet-call and every evening a reproach.

"To be contented with a servant's lot," she said to herself, "and fling down all my golden dreams, and not feel it hard to let them float away on the gossamer threads of my vain hopes! Why should this be? Ah, it is only the quiet, the beautiful quiet here that deludes me and soothes me! I shall rise and go when the time calls.

"I am free to go at once if I will—oh, yes, I am quite free! And meanwhile the bread I earn is not bitter, like the bread of charity, and the work I do is fit for any lady's hand."

She paused; a flitting color tinged her cheek.

"I wish I were a lady," she said, "a grand and lovely lady, with many things to give away—lands and gold and honor and rank! And yet, if I were a lady to-morrow, I should still be his servant—at heart."

But the current of her thoughts broke; she looked around, with heightened color and parted lips; she was startled at the sudden shape her musings took; and, with eyes full of fear, she caught the child in her arms and ran and hid herself in the loneliest part of the wide grounds.

She fled as one flies from a precipice which turns the head giddy and the heart faint; but here, among the quiet shadows and long slanting sunbeams falling golden through the green gloom of many a giant tree, she grew tranquil and flung her fancy from her.

"I am full of foolish dreams," she said. "The simple fact is that I have found a happy resting-place, and I am glad. Surely no lady could wish for more than I have! It is but play and pleasure to teach and fondle a little child. A lady—nay, an angel—might wish for such a task, seeing it is a young human soul put within her hands for good."

Her eyes grew dark with many thoughts, she stooped and kissed the little one playing at her knee.

"We cannot be happier than we are, my bird," she said. "Through these trees we hear the river rushing to the sea, and the mighty call of the waves comes floating upwards at times from the shore, bidding it hurry onwards in its course. Hark! Do you hear it now?"

The child put a tiny hand upon his ear and listened, with the glistening light of a new joy shining in his blue eyes.

"I hear it, Grace, the thunder of the sea. Lift me up and let me see the waves."

"I should have to lift thee high as the tallest tree. The river brings us the echo of the great rollers, but we cannot see them."

"Then tell me how they look to-day."

And with wide-open eager eyes he gazed up into her face, expectant of words he was never weary of hearing.

"There is a full strong west wind to-day, soft here among the flowers; but out on the great ocean it lifts the waters in its mighty arms and hurls them on the shore. Then the land quakes and the dark cliffs grow white with spray. All along the rocks the foam leaps and spreads, and a broad white line quivers from headland to harbor. Out far as the eye can reach, the ships go scudding by with spare sails, and the shadows of driven clouds fly on the waters faster than a multitude of wings. A thousand shades of color tinge the waves as they rush by; violet and purple, deep green and black are the shadows that fall from their wings, and the huge rollers catch them swifter than sight, and sweep them onwards to that dark line where sky and sea seem to meet in storm and thunder."

"Let me climb the tree and see it all, Grace."

"You must wait till these little arms grow stouter; they are too slight for climbing now."

"But you have seen it?" said the child in an awed tone.

A wistful look in Grace's eyes.

"Yes, many times, till heart and eyes were filled with glory. And the sound of the waves to me were like the roll-call that beats round the earth summoning souls to eternity."

She spoke, softly, as if to herself; and the child nestling close to her, put his arms about her neck and lay still, as though a solemn shadow were around them both.

"Grace," he said in a moment, "you will not cry for the sea, and go away like Charlotte?"

"Charlotte cried for the city, not for the sea."

"But you will not go away," he persisted, "and grow into a grand lady, as old Prue says?"

"Prue knows I shall never be a grand lady; but, if I am, I should care for little Alan just the same. And can I go away and give thee up to coarser hands? Ah, no, no; it would be too hard!"

"I trust you do not find your charge very troublesome," said a sudden voice—a voice that brought a pink flush to Grace's cheek.

"No," she said hurriedly. And, starting up, she stood silent, with the shadow of a myriad leaves falling over her like a dusky and trembling veil.

"I have not had an opportunity to thank you for your kindness to my boy," continued Mr. Fitzurse, with the slight embarrassment of a man undecided how to address the person to whom he is speaking, "but I hope you have understood how much you are obliging me."

"No; it is you who are kind to me in letting me stay," said Grace, looking up timidly.

"Then we'll cry quits!" he answered, in the half-playful, half-patronizing tone he had used when he met her on the weary road.

He had come from the park beyond the stream, and was standing now on a rustic bridge that spanned it just at this spot. Tall shrubs and trees had hidden his figure and his footsteps on the soft herbage had fallen unheard.

Grace wondered how much he had caught of her silly talk—how long he had stood there, an unseen spectator and listener to the half unconscious words in which she had clothed thoughts she would have uttered only to the child.

He did not tell her: he crossed the bridge and threw himself down upon the greensward where the sun turned it golden, and where a few late periwinkles grew, their flowers shining like pale blue stars among the mass of leaves.

"You have found a comfortable nest," he said, smiling at his boy, who ran to him with glad arms outspread.

"Yes; and Grace tells me booful stories. You won't let her go away, papa will you?"

"Not unless she wishes it;" and with a half-smile his eyes sought Grace's face inquiringly.

She was still a little flushed, but she met his gaze with only a momentary trouble, and her voice had all its calm sweetness when she answered him.

"I have promised Prue to stay until she finds some one who will be good and kind to the child."

"Me won't have any new Charlottes!" cried little Alan, in comical dismay. "Me want Grace—only Grace!"

"But you see Grace is like Charlotte; she won't stay," said Mr. Fitzurse laughingly. "And she is not a bird, that should clip her wings and put her in a cage."

"But she sings better than a bird," said little Alan, closing both his father's eyes with his small hands. "Now, Grace, sing to him because he can't see you."

Grace was silent.

Mr. Fitzurse felt her trouble, and when he took the little hands from his eyes he did not look her way.

"Do you think I disappear when you close my eyes? I am as large and clumsy as life still. So she sings to you of little Bo-peep and little Boy Blue and Mother Hubbard——"

"Oh, you silly papa!" interrupted the child, laughing. "Grace doesn't sing a bit like that. You don't understand; you don't know anything about singing."

"That's quite possible," said Mr. Fitzurse running his fingers through the child's flowing hair. "but that's not the great question at the present time. What I particularly wish to know just now is whether you have all you want and are happy in this quiet place."

The words were addressed to his child, but his glance rested gravely on Grace.

"Me happy all day," said the little one, his wondering eyes all full of sunshine. "Me dot you and Grace."

His father smiled, and patted his pretty face, some pale reflex of its sunshine brightening his own.

"Good reasons for being happy, little Alan—good reasons for you; but how about Grace and me?"

"Grace dot me and you," said the child, in quaint surprise, "and you dot me and Grace."

This was the fullness of satisfaction—the whole round world in the small circle of one love.

Mr. Fitzurse laughed outright, and then his eyes, without a smile in them, sought Grace's face.

It gave him no answer; her lids were downcast, there was a little shade of paleness round her lips.

He was obliged to ask his question in words.

"But what does Grace say, Alan? Does she tell you she is happy shut up in my dismal castle?"

"Grace love Alan very much," said the child, with an air of wonder. "Grace is happy if Alan is."

Mr. Fitzurse rose abruptly, lifting the boy in his arms to kiss him.

Grace felt her veins tingling with a vivid shame; she wished the child's name had not been his father's also.

Out of her vexation a curious calmness came suddenly to her aid.

"I am perfectly happy here, thank you, Mr. Fitzurse," she said, her voice clear as music, her accent untroubled. "Little Alan has told you the truth; I love him very much. I am content to be his nurse for a time."

It had cost her an effort, but she said it bravely, stilling the foolish pride that as

often had brought Mrs. Lanyon's anger on her head.

"I wish you could understand how obliged I feel. I wish I could repay you," said Mr. Fitzurse, with sudden change of tone and manner. "My boy is all I have in the world; and whosoever cares for him——"

He stopped here, not embarrassed, but deliberately, as though he had uttered in that broken sentence all he wished to say. Then he seated himself on the bank again and drew his child within the circle of his arm.

"Will you not sit down?" he said to Grace. "I want to talk to you. I have seen the grandmother."

"Yours?" she cried. "And is she here? Is she come?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Mr. Fitzurse, with a laugh so hearty that it shook the air around them, and, like a pleasant breeze, dispersed the cloud of embarrassment that had rested on them.

"No; it is your grandmother I have been to see. She is not so hard as mine, after all; she was glad to hear of your welfare."

Grace's color rose a little; his eyes were on her face, scanning it curiously. She did not speak, so he went on—

"And do you know I think she would really like you to come back?"

"No—never!" said Grace. "It cannot be. I could not go back; it would be slavery."

Her face drooped suddenly upon her hands, her whole frame shivered.

Seeing this, Mr. Fitzurse guessed dimly what her life had been beneath the sharp rule of a woman whose nature, like iron, had been hardened by the fire of suffering. He took his resolve instantly.

"I guessed your decision," he said, in quite a cheerful tone. "So knowing you had resolved never to return, I persuaded her to send you some money."

Grace dropped her hands and gazed at him with eyes full of amazement.

"Money; For me?"

"Yes—why not? She had a little shrivelled heart somewhere in that mummy-case, her body; and with my eloquence I made her feel it. Then she untied her purse-strings, you see."

He spoke rapidly, clasping a little pocket-book the while.

From this he took four crisp notes, and laid them on Grace's lap.

Her eyes fell on them in mute wonder; she was too bewildered to doubt or to disbelieve.

He watched her, with eyes shining pleasantly with his own thoughts.

"It is too much," said Grace at last. "It will be so long before I can repay it."

"But who talks of your repaying it?"

Grace looked up astonished.

"If I am not to repay it, I will not take the money," she said, tending back the notes.

Mr. Fitzurse waved her hand aside, amused by her earnestness.

"Very well, then; you shall pay it back when you are rich, and you shall send it to me to take to the grandmother."

He jumped up now, as if he thought their talk was ended; yet he did not go away.

"That will be very kind," said Grace gravely. "Yes, I will send it to you; and I hope I shall soon earn it in London."

The idea of this simple child's soon saving one hundred dollars out of her poor salary in some poor capacity brought a wistful smile to his lips.

For a moment he did not speak; his thoughts were wandering hither and thither seeking a better way to help her. But he could see none.

"So you are still bent on London?" he said. "But, remember, you are welcome to remain here as long as you like."

"Yes, thank you. I will stay while I can be of use to the child; afterwards I must go."

He did not contradict her—she was speaking truth; when Prue found a substitute for her, she would vanish out of his life, the door of this shelter must close on her, and she would be out in the wide world alone. He could not help it; there was no pretence by which he could hold her here safely, this one having gone by which he held her now.

The child was throwing grasses and flowers into the brook and watching them float away beneath the bridge, and on into the tangled darkness of the wood, wherein they vanished.

"Dat's Charlotte!" cried the boy, as he flung in a big dock-leaf, which the water seized and whirled and tossed to and fro visibly. "Now she's going to swim away to London and never come back aden!"

But the water spun the dock-leaf round and round and landed it just at the child's feet.

The little fellow's face looked blank a moment; then he clapped his hands and laughed.

"She can't stay!" he cried repeating the girl's favorite phrase. "Charlotte can't stay even in London!"

"Throw her back again!" said Mr. Fitzurse. "We won't have her, Alan my boy. Send her to Paris this time."

It was a little play now between father and son; and the child was in high glee and flung the dock back into the water as far as his arm could throw it.

"Do to Par's dis time, naughty Charlotte!" he cried. This was splendid make-believe, and he danced up and down in his delight, as, holding his father's hand, he made him watch the twirling leaf as the stream carried it swiftly away.

Leaning forward very far in his childish pleasure, he almost missed his footing, but his father had him in a firm grasp and held him up.

"You were almost in the stream, Alan. Come back; we will not stand so near the brink."

"Alan has lost Grace," said the child, holding out his pink open palm. "She slipped out of my hand, papa. Oh, dere she is! Don't let her do away!" he pointed to a pale blue starry flower just floating out of sight on the rushing stream.

"It is only a periwinkle," said Grace. "I am here quite safe, Alan."

But the make-believe had gone into the child's head, and there were tears in his eyes and voice.

"Me called de flower Grace, and it's got lost now in London like Charlotte!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Fitzurse, springing upon a jutting rock. "Dry your eyes, my boy; I'll bring you back your pretty flower."

With excited eyes, and fingers tightly clutching Grace's hand, the little one watched with keen interest his father's journey down the brawling stream.

Now upon a rock, then on the bank, and again in the midst of the rushing water, Mr. Fitzurse travelled on in pursuit of the little flower ever evading his outstretched hand.

There is such a force in the power of symbols that through all ages it has held its grasp on the human heart.

Vainly have philosophers declared that the day of symbols is over; old rallying-cries still live, old flags are still honored; men die for both to-day, even as they died in the dim yesterday of the past, when a symbol was a thing of life.

So Grace's heart fluttering at each vain grasp of that outstretched hand; and she drew a deep breath as the flower floated away, and she lost sight of Mr. Fitzurse beneath the overhanging rocks of a waterfall, whose roar and splash reached her faintly, like the murmured sound of a very distant city.

Yet, in another moment, she was ready to smile at her own superstition, as she saw him coming back on the opposite bank, waving a triumphant hand to the expectant child.

He crossed the bridge, and held up a little blue flower, drenched and drooping.

"I have had a fine chase," he said, "for this. Never throw anything so precious into the stream again, Alan. Here's your flower, hold it tightly, and keep the real Grace safe too," he added smiling.

Grace saw that the flower was a forget-me-not.

A little shadow fell over her, but she made no remark. The child however looked at it with vexed eyes, and thrust his father's hand away.

"Alan won't take dat flower; dat's not Grace. Oh, you silly papa, you've been all down de stream to London, only to bring back a 'det-me-not!"

Mr. Fitzurse looked curiously blank.

"Was not this the flower?" he said to Grace.

She shook her head for answer, then stooped and gathered one of the periwinkles at her feet.

"Here's a fresh flower, Alan—a prettier one; and you can call that by my name too, if you like."

The child took it; but evidently it was not the same thing to him, for, after a moment, his grasp relaxed, and the flower fell upon the grass.

Mr. Fitzurse gathered it up and retained it. He did this so carelessly, so easily, that Grace thought nothing of the act.

"After all," he said, "the flowers are the same in meaning; for this is forget-me-not, and the other is recollection. So I shall look on myself as having made a successful quest in reality, though not in seeming. And—will you have the forget-me-not?" he added suddenly.

Grace took the little flower silently, and put it in the bosom of her dress. She did not even thank him; her thoughts were troubling her too much.

The silence that fell over them seemed to bring her very near to him; it seemed a spell in which something stronger than speech uttered strange voices of interwoven thought and feeling.

She began to feel afraid of the strong charm of this silence; it filled her with such new vivid life, such crowded unshapen thoughts.

She broke it abruptly, turning into quite a new groove.

"Have you found your ring, Mr. Fitzurse?" she asked.

The question awoke him as from a dream.

"Faith, no," he said. "And yet I have ridden out to the old milestone and searched for it nearly every day. I give it up now as hopeless. And it is only a fetish; it does not matter."

"A fetish! What is that?"

"I will tell you another time. I must go now." He looked at his watch. "I am keeping you and Alan out too late; but I wanted to have a talk with you, and I would not speak till I had had my fight with the old grandmother. Good-bye, Alan! Be a good boy."

He took the child in his arms, kissed him and set him down upon the grass.

Then he turned to Grace; voice and aspect were somehow both changed.

"You will not be very dull, in my old fortress, especially with the restriction laid on you not to wander beyond the garden?"

Grace blushed vividly; his words recalled the fact that he was master and she had accepted the place of servant.

"I am not dull," she answered; "to be here is an escape for me from much vexation."

"So it is for me," he said, as if making an effort to return to his old manner. "We both have the grandmother, you see, in the background."

Grace looked up and gave him a little wistful smile.

For a moment she was the child again upon whom the silvery light had fallen, in which her quiet figure had seemed to him the quaintest and the surest his weary eyes had rested on for many a barren year. But the smile faded, leaving a grave shadow on her face, and worldly thoughts crowded in on him, effacing the vision; and he hurried away, not answering the child, who called out to him, in a pretty, pleading voice, to stay.

He crossed the bridge, then turned, and saw Grace standing where he had left her, one arm around his child, the other hanging by her side listless.

The pose of her head was divine; it was like a Greek goddess, her face so wonderfully calm and pure that involuntarily he raised his hat and stood bareheaded till she moved away and vanished from his sight beneath a dark mass of trees.

Then he plunged down among the thickets and rocks by the river, and walked swiftly along its ridge, as though he needed the rush and roar of its rapid torrent to drown his thoughts.

Yet, in a little while, he stood still upon the bank, and neither heard nor saw the water flow; he held a little blue flower to his lips, and his inward vision carried him to the great world where such flowers are of small worth.

CHAPTER VI.

A MONTH in springtime suffices to sow the harvest of the year; in youth it may sow the harvest of a life, and not be reckoned short.

For Love, when he seizes old Time's glass, and turns it with his glowing hands, fills the hours with palpitating life; they do not die like common hours; they are engraved on the heart as a signet, and, while that heart beats, those hours live, therefore they are long.

Could it be possible, Grace asked herself, that a month had slipped away, and she was still supinely lingering on the threshold of her purpose, like a coward, not daring to take the first step towards that career she longed for? Ah, but this resting-place was so tranquil, and the child was growing dear to her—it was so hard to leave! The big noisy girl, Charlotte's helpmate, who still did the work of the nursery, was more hateful to him than Charlotte herself. She could not put him in this girl's hands, she could not forsake him till Prue had kept her word.

But Prue, being a wise woman in her own conceit, thought it best to leave well alone.

To her, Grace was an insignificant country maiden luckily placed in a post that suited her.

And, knowing her master's rank as Prue did, she could not for a moment in her dull imagination set them side by side. No such thought touched her slow mind; she was saved trouble, the child was cared for; her mental insight went no further.

Grace's gifts were not of a sort to dazzle in fact she was blind and deaf to them still. She understood her own talents; they were of a hard, sensible kind, tangible and useful, making a show in a house. Outside of these other talents might exist, but they were invisible to Prue.

It is the Prince who recognizes the disguised Princess beneath the scullion's gown; it is never those a little above her. To them she is merely something they cannot understand; and therefore they set her lower than themselves, a mark for hatred and contempt.

Necessarily Prue had found out where the music came from, and the violin incurred her bitter contempt.

So did not hate it passionately as Mrs. Lanyon did, not having Mrs. Lanyon's reasons; she would even own it made pretty music; but then it was only an idleness fit for ladies and gentlemen and mountebanks. If it had not pleased the child, she would have spoken her mind about it long ago to her master, and made him bid Grace to stop a noise that served only to set the boys a-dancing.

Out in the wildest, loveliest part of the wide grounds where scarce a bird disturbed the silence, Grace made her orchestra; and here she awoke the echoes with her ringing voice, or with ever-growing skill evoked wondrous song from the kingly instrument that musicians love.

At such times Mr. Fitzurse never broke upon her solitude, never strove to beat down the maidenly barrier of shyness as to her rare gift which she built about herself, making her music appear to come from within some high enchanted wall. Outside of this he was often an unseen listener, fulfilling little Alan's idea that if he could not see Grace she could sing to him.

Her glorious voice had burst upon him as a surprise.

He had never guessed that she was the unseen musician who, like the bards of old, had paid him for his charity by music. The revelations came to him in the wood by the river-side, when from the thick trees beyond the stream there sprang into the air suddenly a full clear note, strong and perfect as a rushing wave, and sweet as its summer fall upon the sands.

He paused to listen in a wonder born of doubt.

It could not be Grace singing; it was impossible! Such skill came of long years of labor, and could not exist in an untutored girl.

She said his reason; but his heart told him that the voice was hers.

He had returned home long before the hour at which he usually came back from his ride, and, ignorant of this Grace thought herself secure in solitude.

So her lips poured forth song with the unconscious joy and liberty of a bird; thus the wooded hill on which she sat, and the dell below through all its shady tangled paths, grew tuneful with her voice. Stealing nearer with cautious tread, Mr. Fitzurse caught a glimpse of the songstress, and felt his heart throb with the electric touch of a new joy.

She was seated in the midst of sunshine, a sort of glory on her brow and hair; his child's wan face was pressed against her bosom, her round arm encircling him; sometimes in the pauses of her song she stooped and kissed him.

As her host and master looked on this picture, his heart misgave him his joy drooped, changing to wistful regret.

"I cannot hold such a bird here long. I have no right to keep her poor, when with such a gift she can become rich. Does she think of it? Does she understand the risk, the pain, the suffering, before the goal is reached? And I might save her from all that! But no—it is impossible; she is too low to be my wife and too high to be my servant," he added, with a bitter feeling against himself.

"I am cruelly selfish to hold her here on such a plea. Ah, little Alan, you and I must part with our rare bird!"

But here he quenched his sick thoughts and made his soul all ear, for Grace changed her theme to one of joy—the joy of a freed spirit on the mountain revelling in the beauty of its crags and torrents.

And through the sunny still air there came pouring a flood of melody, a warbling as of distant birds, with trills and shakes and soft sweet notes, caught like echoes from the mountain peaks and flung back again in play.

It was all play to her—the delightful play of freedom and of power. She would try what her voice could do, as she used to try at those rare times when, sitting on the cliff's verge, she sent it ringing forth on the wild sea and all down the gray ridges of the wilder shore.

The zenith of her song was reached in its climax, a sustained thrilling note like the glad cry of a spirit outspreading his wings in a rush of joy.

The note swelled, softened, and floated away into the dim distance, dying like faintest echo falling from a cloud.

When it ceased, the ear arched for its return.

The intense silence around him seemed to her listener like the rapt silence of a thousand human hearts all filled with one great longing to hear her voice again.

He feared to move, lest a shadow or a leaf should disturb her reverie, and deprive him of some untasted joy.

His child's voice broke the stillness; he could dimly hear this murmured talk, some earnest iterated prayer, and for the first time in his life he would fain have silenced those little lips.

But in a moment he was sorry for the wish, as it was evidently in obedience to the child's entreaty that Grace, from beneath a shawl upon the grass, took her violin and drew her bow across it with that unerring touch that to a musician's ear betrays a musician's soul.

Mr. Fitzurse started with a new thrill of wonder.

Untaught the girl might sing, having that rare voice; but the violin required the skilled hand.

And she had it; her firm fingers seized her spirit's visions as they passed and changed them into music.

She chose the same theme that her heart uttered through those strings on the first night of her arrival in this enchanted castle; and in every nerve of his being Mr. Fitzurse recognized the unknown musician whose charm had wrought that first spell upon his soul.

He pressed his hand upon his brow and leant against a tall tree whose giant bole shut Grace from his sight.

In the music he lost the musician, he lost himself, the world faded like a vision, and the spirit forgot the flesh.

As he stood motionless amid the shadows of many leaves, his sense of outward things grew dim, a dream-world pressed around him, and there came to him phantom touches from hands never felt, mystic gleams of some other life, shining memories caught at vaguely and as vaguely lost. Even the flowers at his feet helped this strange illusion and wafted an echo in their perfume from those buried voices, which seemed to repeat a language once familiar, but dead now, and covered, like the ashes of ancient warriors, by hill on hill of heavy earth.

The passing away of this illusive phrase of thought was like a mental shock.

It vanished when the last notes had quivered in the air; and Grace laid her violin aside, and looked upward with rapt gaze, her eyes so full of light that they seemed to mirror all the palpitating shining radiance falling from the sky.

The music had swallowed up all surrounding sounds; but now into the breathless silence there stole again the throbs and pulse of life—the rush of the torrent sweeping to the sea, the flutter of leaves, the small autumn song of birds, the distant lowing of cattle on the hills, the confused and hurried stir of innumerable insect wings, and the hum of honey-laden bees.

All these pained the man's ear; every sound was discordant to him, now that Grace's voice and hand were still.

He plunged within the gloom of the wood seeking darkness, like a creature who carries an arrow in his side.

But there was no width, no expansion of solitude in these tangled mazes, where some shape of startled life at every turn broke upon the inward reverie, jarring it. At such times the human heart demands a vaster solitude; it craves the illimitable

waste, the gray surges of that heaving desert that spans the world.

He turned back to the river, and, following its rapid course, reached the sea through a deep ravine that the water had rent for itself in the heart of the hill.

Upon the sands he found a fisherman's small boat and hired it.

Soon he was out tossing on the many-hued waves, rowing on and on till a spot was reached beyond earth's echoes.

Here he drew in his oars, and drifted on the quiet tide into the farthest solitude, where the sun shone down on his bent head and touched with its glory no other living thing within a wide wilderness of heaving blue.

The shore was but a thin gray line, a vision on the clouds; no sound from the palpitating earth floated out save on a sea-bird's wings.

He had reached the heart of silence in an undulating desert; but the voice within him only grew the louder.

Yet surely here was solitude vast enough to give a man peace and let him disentangle from confused thought a guiding thread. But it was not so.

Clue after clue he seized, and broke them off, and flung them back upon the chaos of his mind; he could come to no decision.

As he had drifted out to sea, so he drifted back on the returning tide, and, taking up his oars at last, he pursued an uncertain course to an unknown shore, landing ten miles from home.

Then he struck across the hills, bathed now in moonlight, and, as he walked through the silvered air, his doubting heart was still a burden.

When he stepped in weariness within his door, there met him, like the fated music of Jephthah's daughter, the divine voice of Grace. Her song was one of sorrow a cry of battle, a yearning for victory in death.

He turned into his study and closed the door; it seemed to him that he had heard the song of the victim who loves and dies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Uncle's Will.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"MY diamonds, Mary," said Mrs. Delmont; "and my six-button gloves. And I'm almost certain that the point of that cashmere shawl is trailing on the carpet."

Mrs. Delmont stood in front of the full-length mirror, whose gilded standards were veiled in draperies of embroidered lace—a little withered sharp-nosed woman, with a complexion all composed of paint and powder, hair artfully touched up by the patent "Golden Dye," and teeth so obtrusively false that no one would ever dream of calling them a deception.

But her violet velvet dress had cost eight dollars a yard, her bracelets were of dead gold studded with diamonds, and she sparkled all over with precious stones, like a jeweler's show-case.

The boudoir was hung with pale-blue satin, the carpet was of the softest Aubusson, the chairs and tables of enamelled white, garlanded about by tiny golden vines, and a Skye terrier lay coiled up on a blue Angora rug in front of the fire, with a silver collar around his worthless little neck.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary, with a cough. "The shawl is quite right now, ma'am. But if you please, ma'am, Mrs. Masters is waiting to see you."

"Mrs. Masters!" cried the widow, in a vexed tone.

But before she could say more, the door opened, and a pale-faced woman, dressed in garments so shabby as to be barely respectable, came in.

"I won't keep you a minute, cousin Caroline," said she apologetically.

"The horses are waiting," said Mrs. Delmont ungraciously, "and it always does make them vicious to stand too long in this frosty air."

"I have been feeling it," said Mrs. Masters bitterly; "and my cloak is not so warm as the embroidered blankets of your pampered horses, Caroline."

"Well," said Mrs. Delmont impatiently, "now you are here, you may as well sit down. What is it that you want now?"

"I am sorry to be always begging, cousin Caroline," said Mrs. Masters, "but things have gone wrong of late. Some of my best boarders have changed their quarters for a more fashionable location—others have gone away without paying me—and I have been obliged to call in an expensive doctor for Dennie——"

"Just what you might have expected when you adopted that child," said Mrs. Delmont. "Why couldn't you let him go to the asylum, as other children do?"

"He was our cousin's child," said Mrs. Masters sadly.

"What difference does that make?" said Mrs. Delmont, with a shrug of the cashmere-draped shoulders.

"And," added Mrs. Masters, without debating the point, "I hoped perhaps you would let me have a little money, just until my next month's board-bills come due."

"I can't, then," said Mrs. Delmont pettishly.

"It's money, money, money with you the whole time. I do believe you think I've a bank, or a gold-mine, or some such inexhaustible supply. And I may as well stop it now as any time. So I beg, Clara, that you won't trouble yourself to come here any more on your begging expeditions. Mary—the carriage."

So Mrs. Delmont swept downstairs, flashing and sparkling as she went, and the meek little boarding-house keeper took herself off, shedding a few furtive tears behind her shabby crape veil.

"Caroline never had much heart," mused she. "And what little she had, seems to be turning to stone."

Mrs. Masters was one of the unlucky kind.

When she was a girl of eighteen, she had left boarding-school to come home and nurse old uncle Joseph through his fatal illness, while Caroline, her cousin, "didn't see that she could do any good," and serenely remained at Cape May.

And when the old man died, and his will, leaving all he had to Caroline's deceased father, was opened, Clara made the best of things.

"I did suppose he would leave me a little," said she, choking down a sob. "But then people ought not to be selfish. The will was made ten years ago, before uncle Tom died.

"If uncle Joseph had thought to make a new one, I do believe he would have remembered me.

And of course Caroline will divide, seeing that we are equally related to uncle Joseph, and I was with him when he died.

But Caroline did nothing of the sort.

"What's mine is mine," said she; "and I certainly shall not give away a solitary cent of it."

So the cousins went their different ways.

Mrs. Delmont married a handsome Southern lawyer who had left her a widow at forty.

Clara wedded a penniless clergyman who had died as poor as he lived, and she kept soul and body together by means of a third-rate boarding-house, further incurring Caroline's displeasure by adopting a poor little lame orphan who had no other prospects than the poor-house.

"I've been unlucky all my life," sighed Mrs. Masters, as she hurried home through the biting winter blast, "and luck don't seem likely to change now.

"I must just let Thompson, the second-hand man, have the big walnut secretaire that uncle Joseph gave me, and the rosewood bookstand I took for Miss Mowbray's board. They're the only articles I've got left of any value."

Thompson, the second-hand man, sat in his store with a faded oil portrait hanging above him, and a pair of blue velvet window curtains draped at his left, three bird-cages on the table, and a cooking-stove at his rear, while he was engaged in counting out the pieces of a set of antique china.

"Humble servant, ma'am," said Thompson, who had always recognized Mrs. Masters as a lady through all her adversities.

"Thompson," said Mrs. Masters sadly, "I've made up my mind to part with my walnut secretaire and rosewood bookstand."

"All right, ma'am," said Thompson, eyeing the spout of the cream-pitcher hard, to make sure that it was not cracked.

"You may send up for them to-night."

"Very well, ma'am," said Thompson.

Mrs. Masters shed a few tears as the big secretaire and the little bookstand, the last relics of her gentility, were taken away in Thompson's wagon.

"Goodness knows what I am to do next," said she. "But there! We're all in Heaven's hands."

Thompson the furniture man made his appearance the next day, with a curious bewilderment in his face.

"Well, I am beat!" said Thompson. "Wonders never will cease, as my poor old mother used to say."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Masters in surprise.

"It's that there secretary o' your'n," said Thompson. "It was kind o' bruised and scratchy, so I just took it all to pieces to oil and polish it up. And clear at the back, I found two or three old papers that must have slid down out of the back of the drawer and got wedged above the wooden cleats that supported the lower drawers."

"Papers?" said Mrs. Masters. "Dear me, Thompson, what sort of papers?"

"There's an old note of hand, as must be outlawed long ago," said Thompson. "And a catalogue of Railway Bonds, and a will."

"A what?" gasped the widow.

"A last will and testament. Dated six weeks before your uncle Joseph died. And—don't turn pale, Mrs. Masters," said Thompson; "it leaves you all the property he had in the world. It states——"

But here poor Mrs. Master fainted away.

Well—the rest can be easily imagined.

The will was put into court, and triumphantly proved.

Mrs. Delmont found herself dispossessed and Clara Masters became the heiress.

"But, dear me, I wouldn't harm a hair of Caroline's head," said good Mrs. Masters. "Ain't there enough for both of us? And really, I'm more glad on Dennie's account than my own."

For Mrs. Masters was the same sweet-natured woman through storm and sunshine alike.

"Ought to ha' been a duchess," said Thompson the second-hand man.

"And I always said so.

"And to the day of my death, I shall be proud to think it was my chisel and screw-driver as pried out her inheritance."

MOSAICULTURE. — This is what the Scotch folks term the planting of beds containing mottoes or devices set out with colored foliage plants. This is a new departure in the arrangement of extensive lawns and terraces.

FISHERMAN'S SUPERSTITIONS.

OF the numerous practices in use among the fishing fraternity for securing good luck, some are very strange. In Scotland a curious custom was, in years gone by, observed at Filey in connection with the herring fishery. During the time the fishing boats were at sea the junior portion of the inhabitants seized all the unemployed wagons and carts they could find and dragged them down the streets to the cliff's top, leaving them to be owned and taken away by their respective owners on the following morning.

This was done about the third Saturday night after the boats had sailed from Filey, under a superstitious notion that it drove the herring into the nets.

In Cornwall it is considered unlucky by fisherman for any one to eat pilchards—or, indeed, any kind of fish—from the head downward as such an act is said to be "sure to turn the heads of the fish away from the coasts." The proper way is rather to eat the fish from the tail towards the head, this serving as a kind of charm to insure good luck to the fisherman and bring him large quantities of fish to shore. Again, when there is a large catch of pilchards, they are preserved by being rubbed with salt, and are placed in regular order, one on the other, heads and tails alternately. When so placed, the fish often make a squeaking noise, which is locally called "crying for more," and is regarded as a most favorable omen, being supposed to indicate that more fish may soon be expected to be brought to the same cellar.

The noise, however, which is heard is really produced by the bursting of the air bladders, and when many break together the sound is a loud one.

Among some of the superstitious notions relating to success in fishing which formerly prevailed in Ireland, and have not yet quite died out, we may mention the following current in Ulster:—To meet certain persons in the morning, and especially barefooted women, was deemed an omen of ill-fortune for that day. To name a dog, cat, rat, or pig, while baiting the hooks, also foreboded ill-luck. The fishermen always spat on the first and last hook baited, and also in the mouth of the first fish taken. Before casting their nets or lines they dipped them in the water three times, and each time giving a kind of chirp with the lips, resembling that of a young bird. The fishermen, too, were accustomed to light a small fire of chips in their boats, to drive away, as they supposed, any witches that might have harbored there during the night to frustrate their success. The customs practiced by the Scotch fishermen for obtaining good luck are equally curious. Thus, in consequence of the herring fishing being very backward, some of the fishermen dressed a cooper in a flannel shirt, with burrs stuck all over it, and in this condition he was carried in procession through the town of Buckie in a wheelbarrow. This was done to "bring better luck" to the fishing, and happened in a district, says the writer, "containing no less than nine churches and chapels, of various denominations, and thirteen schools." Certain family names are considered unlucky, and in some of the villages on the east coast of Aberdeenshire it is still considered a bad omen to meet a person of the name of Whyte when going to sea, as it is thought that either the lines will be lost or the catch of fish poor. In Buckie there are some family names which the fishermen will not pronounce, such, for instance, as "Ross" and "Coull," and if these ill-fated names are mentioned in their hearing they spit, or, to use the vernacular expression, "chiff." Men, too, who have been hired before their names were known have actually been refused their wages at the close of the fishing season, partly because the fishing was unsuccessful with the boats in which they sailed, and owing to the want of success being ascribed to their presence in the boat.

BULL FIGHTING IN MEXICO.—The bull fighters are dressed in all the colors of the rainbow. They look very much like the face cards of the pack enlarged. It is really funny to see the Jack of Diamonds, the King of Hearts, and all the rest of the royal family that are so familiar to many of our readers, prancing about the arena.

In reality there is no bull fight at all. There is more real danger in lighting a kerosene lamp or in calling a policeman a liar than there is in a dozen bull fights.

Before the bull is presented with the freedom of the arena several inches of his horns are sawed off. The horns are sawed off down to the quick. The end of the horn is as sensitive to the bull as an army-sized boil is to a man. If a man has a large boil on his person he does not try to butt people with it. That's the way it is with the bull with the sore horns.

Instead of rushing about trying to impale the bull fighter, the bull is scared half to death for fear the Jack of Spades or the King of Hearts may accidentlly bump against that sore horn. The Jack of Diamonds, knowing this, gets right in front of the dangerous brute, which turns tail for fear the face card will run against that sore horn.

As soon as the bull refuses to hurt his sore horn against the Jack of Hearts the air is rent with "vivas" in honor of the reckless intrepidity of the bull fighter, who gracefully bows his acknowledgment. All the bull fighters try in vain to bump against that sore horn, but the bull is too smart for them. They punch him with spears, until he is dripping with blood, until the unfortunate brute is exhausted, but he never loses his presence of mind so much as to punch one of the face cards with that sore horn.

Bric-a-Brac.

A MID-AIR ORCHARD.—A French paper gives a description of an orchard on the fifth story of a house. The owner, being deprived of the land on which his fruit-trees stood had to move to the fifth story of one of the large buildings of Paris, and took his trees with him. He has a terrace sixty feet long, and over six feet wide, and protected towards the street with an iron railing. Here he grows pears, currants, gooseberries, and roses, and the trees and plants are vigorous and healthy. They require much care and labor, and of course stand in large tubs or boxes.

FACTS.—There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a ploughshare of twenty-four pounds. A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch or more owing to the relaxation of the cartilages. The Egyptians not only held the cabbage in great estimation, but even regarded it as an object of adoration. The Romans introduced it into Europe. Peaches originally came from Persia, and were there always regarded as poison. Pliny tells us that Dædalus invented the saw. The earliest saw mill of which we have mention was built at Madeira in the year 1420.

THE DESERT.—The largest desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the valley of the Nile on the east. The length from east to west is about 3,000 miles, its average breath is about 900 miles, its area 2,000,000 square miles. The town of Timbuctoo, about eight miles from the Niger is surrounded by a desert, but at a distance of a few days journey to the north are the oases of Mabrook and Arawan. Rain falls in torrents in the Sahara at intervals of five ten and twenty years. In summer the heat during the day is excessive, but the nights are often cold. In winter the temperature is sometimes below freezing point.

"WITNESS MY HAND."—In former days, kings did not even know how to sign their names, so that when they wanted to subscribe to a written contract, law, or treaty, which some clerk had drawn up for them, they would smear their right hand with ink and slap it down upon the parchment saying; "Witness my hand." At a later date, some genius devised the substitute of the seal, which was impressed instead of the hand, but oftener besides the hand. Every gentleman had a seal with a peculiar device thereon. Hence the sacramental words now in use, "Witness my hand and seal," affixed to modern deeds, serve at least the purpose of reminding us of the ignorance of the middle ages.

A HEAVY SLEEPER.—A curious person died recently in Paris at the age of seventy-two years, the Count Napoleon Bertrand, son of the companion of Napoleon I. at St. Helena. The count every year used to hire a room in a hotel and go to bed for three months, after having given orders for food to be brought to him once a-day and not a word to be spoken by the servant. He was asleep during the siege of Paris. One day the bread was so abominable that he flew into a rage and forced the waiter to tell him the reason, which was that the city was besieged by the Prussians. Count Bertrand was stupefied for a moment. At last he got up and wandered about the hotel for a time, saying to himself, "Paris besieged!—besieged! What ought a Bertrand to do?" And, after a few minutes' reflection, he said: "I'll go to bed." And he went to bed, and slept out the siege.

ARLECCHINO AND PANTALONE.—These are the characters of the old Italian comedy. A farmer of Bergamo ordered Girolamo, his valet (Arlecchino,) to buy seven donkeys at the fair. Girolamo goes on foot to the neighboring village and buys the donkeys, pays for them, and returns to the farm mounted, on one of the animals, and driving the remaining six before him. When he reaches home, before dismounting, he takes the precaution of counting his donkeys, and finds only six. Thinking that one has gone astray on the road, he rides back to the village, inquiring of every one he meets if they have seen his lost donkey. But no one has seen him; and he rides about until nightfall, when the fatigued and famished animal which carries him utterly refuses to budge. This resistence draws Girolamo from his reverie, and striking his forehead, he exclaims, "Imbecile that I am! there is the donkey which I seek! I have been riding him all this time." This is the type of Arlecchino, an absent-minded fool.

NAMES OF GOODS.—Many kinds of dry-goods possess old English names which are used, more or less corrupted throughout the world. The origin of these old names are said to be as follows: Damask is from the city of Damascus; satin from Zaytown, in China; calico from Calcutta; and muslin from Mosul. Buckram derived its name from Bochara; fustian comes from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffeta and tabby from a street in Bagdad. Cambric is from Cambri. Gauze has its name from Gaza, dimity from Damietta and jeans from Jaen. Drugget is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck, from which Tucker street in Bristol is named, comes from Torque, in Normandy. Velvet is from the Italian *vellute*, woolly (Latin, *vellus*—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit *sala*, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dying. Chintz comes from the Hindoo word chett. Delaine is the French "of wool."

THE LEAF AND THE BOOK.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Across the meadow-land together,
A youth and merry maiden stray'd,
Where grasses grow, and purple heather,
'Midst chequered preps of sun and shade.
At last beside the river seated,
He took her book—this lover sage,
One fallen willow leaf secreted,
Then slowly folded down the page.

Next year the maiden slowly strolling
Alone beside the river's brim,
Saw summer-time to winter rolling,
And rested there to think of him.
Her eyes with sorrow's hints were shaded,
Her book still pictured youth and age—
The fallen willow-leaf had faded
Where he had folded down the page.

Years after by the stream forsaken,
In winter-time she wandered forth;
Great forest trees with storms were shaken,
Sent from the Kingdom of the North.
She found the spot where they were seated
Before he left her for renown;
No willow-leaf the book secreted!
But life's sad page was folded down!

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

"DO you know why I gave this house the name of Harbury?" General Hatton said to his niece; and then he told her that it was in affectionate remembrance of the pretty town where his father had lived and died.

Magnificent as the house was, it was but a fitting shrine for the young beauty who had come to be mistress of it.

When they stood in the drawing-room, Sir Arthur regarded his neice still more attentively.

"I should hardly have known you, Leah," he said gently. "Amongst all the Hattons I do not believe that we have one like you."

The exquisite face brightened.

"There are times, uncle," she said, "when I do not quite know myself—the change is so great to me."

"My dear Leah," he returned, in the earnest, simple manner which always carried truth with it, "you were born for the station I hope to see you fill. It would have been ten thousand pities to—leave you where—you were."

That was the only allusion the General ever made to the past, and it seemed to be wrung from him by the surprise of her marvellous loveliness.

On that same night he showed Leah all over the magnificent mansion that he had made his own, with all its treasures of art and wealth.

"This will be yours when I die, Leah," he said; and he was proud to see that no flush of elation came to her face. "I wonder, Leah," he said suddenly, "if you could bear ill-fortune as well as you do prosperity?"

"I trust so," she answered; and the firm, steadfast expression on her face made him think that she could.

"I hope you will never be tried," he said.

They sat together for some time talking. He was charmed with Leah's manner, her bright fascinating ways, her graceful well-chosen words.

"You shall not leave me again, Leah," he said, "until you are married."

"I do not think I am one of the marrying kind," she replied, with a sweet low laugh.

"Amongst the old Roman noblesse and gay Neapolitan princes was there not one you liked, Leah?"

"I liked them all in the same fashion," she replied. "The Prince of San Sabino is, I should think, as handsome a man as could be seen in the world, with a most musical voice and most courtly manner. They call him the Roman Apollo."

"And even this Apollo did not interest you, Leah?" he said.

"No; so, dearest uncle, if we are to live together until I am married, I do not see any chance of our parting just yet."

"That's right," he said. "I could hardly bear to lose you at present, Leah. Let me see—how old are you now?"

"I am in my nineteenth year," she replied.

"And when is the Drawing-room to be held?"

"Next Tuesday."

"And from that day a new life will unfold to you, I suppose. I wish you success; I could not wish it more earnestly were you my own daughter."

When, after a few days of anxious preparation, Leah stood before him dressed for her presentation, he owned himself perfectly well pleased.

The Duchess, whose taste was irreproachable, had chosen Court dress; and the General had presented her with a suite of diamonds—stones that shone and scintillated with every movement—diamonds that made many envious.

"Are you satisfied with me, uncle?" she asked, with a smile that deepened her bright loveliness.

"Quite," he answered. "I always thought the fashion of wearing feathers awkward until now."

The Duchess called for her, and they drove away to the Palace together.

The day was fine, the crowd great.

Many of the Royal Family were present. There were debutantes from many of the noblest families in the land; but Leah outshone them all as a planet outshines the stars.

She never forget the moment when she stood first in the presence of the gracious Lady who rules the vast empire over which the sun never sets.

Looking up with half-frightened eyes, she saw before her a noble kindly face, with a pleasant smile, she saw the gleam of jewelled orders.

A kindly voice was speaking to her.

The niece of so brave and worthy a soldier as Sir Arthur Hatton could not but be welcomed by the Sovereign whom he had so faithfully served.

Looking at the royal lady, so true a woman and so true a queen, Leah bethought her of who she herself really was—the daughter of the man who used all his eloquence and every other gift of Heaven to him in endeavors to hurl his Sovereign from her throne, to turn the hearts of her people from her; and, as she bent low before the Queen, her eyes were dim with tears.

True loyalty rose in her heart, and she thanked Heaven once more that she had been saved from what seemed to her worse than "a furnace of fire."

She could never have spoken against the Queen, or led the hearts of her people from her.

She smiled to herself a half-sad smile.

It seemed so strange that she, who was destined to be a lecturer against royalty, should now be presented to her Majesty.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM the day of her presentation a new life began for Leah.

Hitherto she had seen but little of the world.

In Rome and in Naples the Duchess had taken her out but little.

She wanted her to take the London world captive by her fresh and undimmed beauty; she did so.

On the day of the Drawing-room little else was discussed but the loveliness, the rich dress, the costly jewels, the vast wealth of Miss Hatton.

People even went into raptures over her name, and said that no other would have suited her dark passionate beauty.

In a few days "the beautiful Miss Hatton" grew famous—she became the rage.

On the night of the day that she had been presented, the Duchess of Rosedene gave a sumptuous ball, at which she was the belle.

Some girls would have been both elated and excited by the sensation made.

She was neither; she was cool, calm, stately as a young empress.

Some of the noblest men in the land bowed before her, peers complimented her; but the beautiful face never flushed, the beautiful eyes never brightened with triumph.

"Who shall say that good blood does not tell?" thought the old soldier. "I do not believe her pulse would beat more quickly even if an emperor asked her to dance."

He was right; in this, the most brilliant scene in which she had ever mingled, a strange sense of unreality came over her.

She could remember the fiery, passionate, burning words with with which her father had denounced all such galeties and the men and women who joined in them; and yet here was she, his eldest daughter, who had been trained by him, the very queen of one of the assemblies he censured!

There was a few minutes' pause for her, during which she said to herself that her past life foreshadowed the present, during which she wondered if she would have been perfectly happy had the past been different, had she been differently trained.

Those watching her wondered at the shadow that seemed to fall over her face.

It was not the perfect beauty alone which attracted men.

She was unlike most girls of her age.

She was calm, but not content; nothing seemed to interest her long—the sweetest music, the most witty or animated conversation, could not hold her for any time.

She was restless, as one always seeking something better than that yet found.

The only time when she seemed quite satisfied was when she poured out all the pent-up passion and poetry of her nature in music of her own.

Men were quick to perceive that she was not of the ordinary type of girls, that flattery did not touch her, that she was above all coquetry and flirtation.

Half of those who met her went home that night raving of her.

The Duchess was delighted with her success.

She had felt sure of it, she had prophesied it; but it had far exceeded even her most sanguine anticipations.

"The world is at her feet, Sir Arthur," she said; "no girl ever made a more successful debut. I am proud of her. Look at her now."

The Duchess was seated watching the dancing; Sir Arthur stood by her side.

"Look," she continued, "at the easy self-possession. There is not the faintest stir in the diamonds that lie on her breast, not a quiver in the blossoms of the lovely flowers she holds."

Yet on one side of her stood a gallant genial prince, on the other a group of the most notable men in the world of fashion.

She turned with ready attention from one to another, without coquetry, without affectation.

The professional beauties fought shy of her, and were very hard in their criticisms, much to the amusement of the sterner sex; they did not see what there was to rave about.

Lord Dunbar, who was supposed to be a good authority on beauty, said that if he had no other charm but that of the long dark silken lashes that fringed her eyes she would still be the fairest of women.

The scene was like a dream to Leah, a dream that never quite faded.

The golden flood of light that made everything so clear and distinct, the thousands of lovely fragrant flowers, the magnificent decorations, the grand crashing of the music, the fair faces, the rich dresses, the subdued silvery murmur of laughter and of sweet voices, the rhythm of the flying feet, the admiring eyes that had rested on her, the deep voices that had whispered compliments to her, lived in her memory for years.

No other ball in after years was like this one.

When they reached home Sir Arthur was surprised to find that his niece looked almost as dainty and as fresh as when she had started.

The flowers had not withered in her hand, there was no sign of fatigue in the beautiful face or of weariness in the dark eyes.

"It has been a grand success, Leah," said Sir Arthur, as he bade her good night—"one of which we may both be proud."

"A grand success indeed," she replied.

Yet, even as she said the words, a sense of desolation and loneliness filled her heart.

A little later she stood in her luxurious dressing-room.

Everything that surrounded her was costly; rich jewels gleaming in their satin cases, fans, slippers, ornaments of every kind, intermixed with choice flowers, made a very confusion of beauty; the delicate carpet of velvet pile was soft and thick; the hangings were of white and pink; a few choice engravings adorned the walls; treasures of marquetry, dainty carvings, and lovely statuettes told of the artistic taste which had made the room a gem.

She stood in the midst of it, her heart still beating with the emotion she had not been able to control.

A success indeed!

Yet in the olden days, so far off, when she had been with Hettie for a stroll in the wood or by the sea, or even in the crowded streets of the city, she had felt happier and less lonely than now.

She had everything that wealth and affection could lavish upon her, and yet she was lonely.

If only the fair loving sister were here!

If only the loving arms were round her, and she could kiss the sweet face!

A success?

Ay, it was indeed!

But was she really happy?

Her maid had gone away, so she drew aside the curtains and stood at the window, watching the moonlight on the trees.

Was she happy?

What were the vague, curious desires that filled her heart?

No girl in the world had a brighter future.

True, there was a dark background to the past; but the time to come seemed bright enough.

She wondered what would make her happy?

Not money; she had already many thousands, and the time would come when she would have more.

Money had nothing to do with it.

It was not rank or position, title or grandeur.

She remembered that but a short time since she had heard the story of a beautiful and beloved young princess who was compelled from political motives to make a marriage of state.

She heard of the sighs and moans that sounded at night in the palace, and how on her wedding-eve the beautiful young princess was dragged to sleep.

Ah, no, it was not grandeur or rank!

The heart of a queen often aches as keenly as the heart of a peasant.

There was something far better worth living for than all this.

Some exquisite lines were ringing vaguely through her brain of the desire of a moth for a star.

Was she the moth, and happiness the star?

There must be a bright, beautiful something in life that she had not reached yet, something higher and better than rank, fame, or gold, something that was the crown of life and the treasure of womanhood.

The knowledge came to her, in that silent hour, that nothing would ever content her but "a great love."

CHAPTER XIV.

DURING the next three years Leah Hatton was the very queen of fashion.

She was more popular, more sought after, more admired, more beloved, more envied than any other woman of her day.

Her beauty grew with her years.

She was twenty-one now, and the magnificent promise of her girlhood had been fulfilled.

Her loveliness had grown richer; the gleam in her dark eyes was brighter; the dainty bloom that had been faint as the hue of a blush rose had deepened; the face was radiant in its own loveliness—men found it more than fair.

During those three years she had presided with infinite grace over the large establishment at Brentwood and the magnificent house in town.

At Brentwood she had received party after party of guests, including some of the greatest statesmen of the day, and she was considered one of the most attractive hostesses in the land.

In a wonderfully short space of time she acquired the art of entertaining, knew "who was who," and, in fact, was equal to all the requirements of social life.

She never made any mistakes.

After a few weeks the General found that he could with safety leave everything to her.

The servants worshipped her; one word from their beautiful young mistress was law.

She was worshipped too by the poor of Brentwood, for she gave with a liberal hand; she was beloved by all her dependents, for she was both just and generous—by all who knew her for her beauty and talents and winsome grace.

At Harbury House during those three seasons she was a queen.

The best dinners, the best balls, the most successful private theatricals were given there.

There were many other debutants, but no one ever approached her; the throne she held was entirely her own.

Season after season the beautiful Leah Hatton came back to the gay world with fresh graces and charms.

She was singular in many respects.

She made many acquaintances, but very few friends.

She had no girl-friend to whom she could speak of her thoughts and feelings; her heart grew sad when she thought of anyone else in Hettie's place.

Amongst the faces of the girls around her she saw not one so sweet and fair as Hettie's; and, remembering this, a coldness came to Miss Hatton which added to the effect of her proud young beauty.

She was considered everywhere as the most eligible, the most desirable match of the day.

It was well known that she was the General's niece; no one cared to ask whether she was the child of sister or brother.

It was also well known that the whole of the General's vast fortune would be hers.

She was at the very height of her popularity; people spared themselves no trouble to obtain even a glimpse of her fair face.

When she went to the opera, more attention was paid to her than to the stage.

"Beautiful Leah Hatton!"

What more in this life could she desire than she had—wealth, popularity, affection?

Yet she was not happy; her soul had found no rest.

Brilliant and gay as was her life, it did not satisfy her.

It was but as a dream to one who had infinite longings and infinite desires.

If Martin Ray succeeded in nothing else, he had done this for his daughter—he had taken her out of the common groove, he had made her think, he had filled her mind with a thousand ideas of life.

These were always puzzling her.

She had the air, the manner, the look of one whose thoughts and aims were higher and loftier than those of others.

This added much to the charm of her passionate, proud beauty.

The men who danced with her admired her the more because no flush of vanity came to her face.

There was upon it the far-off look, the restless longing that nothing could gratify.

"As for lovers," the Duchess of R——— cried, holding up her hands in horror, "there is not an eligible man in the land who has not sought her! Such offers, and all refused! Refused, too, without rhyme or reason! Leah had some notion that she must love some one, that love is the great end and aim of each one's life—love—not wealth, pleasure, or gaiety, but love; and, with such ideas, what can one do?"

The Duchess shrugged her shoulders as she spoke.

"Love, with such prospects as she has before her!"

Some of the offers Miss Hatton received were dazzling ones.

The young Earl of Barberry was handsome, talented, and passionately fond of her.

"No; she would not be Countess of Barberry.

There was the Duke of Lincoln, who had country seats, a town mansion, and untold wealth, who would have made her his Duchess.

She would not be Duchess of Lincoln; and she had no other reason to give than that she did not love him; and the one thing she longed for in this life was love.

"Love!" said the Duchess. "It will come with marriage."

"Not the love I want," she replied; "that must come before. I want a romance in my life."

"It is the way with those dark-eyed girls," said the Duchess. "What a pity it is!"

Then a great legal celebrity fell in love with Leah; and of all the conquests she made that was certainly the most wonderful.

He was a man whose name was a tower of strength, whose opinion was held in the highest esteem, and who had never spent one half-hour in wooing in his life.

He grew desperate about her, and the wonder was that he did not run away with her.

He could not realise his disappointment; he could hardly bear his life when she refused him.

The Duchess sighed, but said nothing.

If the Earl of Barberry could not win her, there was little hope for the legal lord.

"You will marry some time, Leah," she said, with the resignation of despair.

"It is possible," she replied, smiling; "but it is more probable that I shall never marry at all."

"Should you mind telling me why?" asked the Duchess, in tones of mock resignation.

"I will tell you, Duchess; but you will be angry with me. I want some one to love me more than life itself—some one to be devoted to me, to give me all his thoughts, his whole life; I want his heart to be one with

mine, his soul to be the other half of my soul. I want perfect love, and I want a perfect lover. I have my ideal love, and no other will do: I have my ideal lover, and I shall wait for him."

"My dear Leah, you are all wrong," cried the Duchess; "you are indeed! Take care that you do not find such love and such a lover costly."

"I will take the pain, if there should be any, with the happiness," she said. "All my life I have thought that the one thing to be desired is love."

"There is no accounting for taste, Leah; but certainly, with such prospects as you have, to make love the chief aim of your life, is to say the least of it, a sad pity. This ideal hero of yours is sure to be both poor and unknown."

Leah laughed again.

How sweet that laughter was!

The Duchess smiled as she heard it.

"I cannot tell: he may be the very reverse of poor or unknown. I do not know where he is or where he may be. It is just possible that I may never meet him; but he exists somewhere. You know the old belief, Duchess, that souls were made in halves, and that real marriage is the union of those half souls in one?"

"Oh, Leah," cried the Duchess, laughing, "there is no hope for you!"

"Not much," she said, "for I believe that I am waiting for my ideal; and he, rely upon it, is seeking me somewhere. If we meet, I shall ask no more from life. He may be poor and unknown; if so, it will make no difference to me. Shall I shock you just a little more, Duchess?" she added.

"Say what you will, my dear; I am resigned."

"I have an idea that the moment I see him I shall know him. I shall look into his face and a revelation will come to me."

"A very dangerous notion, Leah. You may fall in love with the wrong man altogether."

"How can I, if my theory be true?" she replied. "I have no doubt it seems absurd to you; but it is a serious matter to me. I should not be surprised if some day I look into a face and hear a voice say, 'I have been looking for you all these years,'"

The Duchess raised her hands.

"And this," she said musingly—"this is after five years spent almost entirely with me, after three seasons of brilliant, uninterrupted success!"

"I have enjoyed it," replied Leah; "but there must be something better. Balls and operas, dinners and garden-parties, dresses and diamonds, flattery and homage, are all very well—but they could not fill a life.

"There is no heart, no soul in them; and," she continued half sadly, "one must tire of them after a time."

"Do you think so?" asked the Duchess, looking at her gravely.

"Yes, I do.

"One ball is like another—there are the same people, the same dances, music, jewels; all one's partners say pretty nearly the same things.

"Dinners are the same; one differs very little from another.

"At the Opera, although there is infinite beauty in the music, it is always the same story of love or jealousy.

"No, I do not think that even a life spent amid such brilliant scenes could fill one's heart and soul."

"You are a strange girl, Leah," said the Duchess.

"Who would imagine that the belle of the season had such notions as these?

"You have made me very uncomfortable, my dear.

"I shall live now in dread always that some day or other you will meet with one whom you may choose to imagine your ideal, and do something rash.

"I always said that there was something in your face even that made you different from other girls.

"But, Leah, as you have trusted me so far, trust me even farther.

"Tell me, amongst all the men you have met—and you know the wisest, and the best—is there not one whom you have liked?"

"Not one," she replied. "I shall know when I meet my ideal; my heart will speak and tell me.

"I have not met him yet."

"When you do, my dear, I prophesy—— Well, I will not prophesy; I will only tell you that a grand passion brings more pain than pleasure, and that if you want to be happy you must avoid the terrible fever that men call love."

CHAPTER XV.

THE Duke and Duchess of Rosedene had become very much attached to Leah, and when the season ended they begged the General and her to come to pay them a visit at Dene Abbey.

They were to remain there during the autumn and winter.

Sir Arthur at first did not quite like the idea, and a compromise was made.

The whole party were to visit Brentwood first, and remain there for six weeks; then they were to go to Dene Abbey and stay there as long as Sir Arthur wished—an arrangement which pleased every one.

Leah by this time had grown to love the Duchess so much that she never liked to be separated from her for long together.

Brentwood was looking its best at the end of July.

The lovely month was as far as it could be—not too warm, but with all the glory of sunlight, the song of birds, the bloom of flowers, the beauty of spreading trees and singing brooks.

There are few counties in England as charming as Warwickshire.

Shady woods, green hills, clear deep streams, meres on which the great white water-lilies sleep, valleys full of ferns and wild-flowers render it a beautiful country; and Brentwood was one of the most beautiful places in it.

The mansion was built on rising ground overlooking the river Brent—a deep, clear stream, full of light and shadows, that meandered through the fairest woodland and seemed to sing as it wandered of the scenes it had left behind it.

Of arches formed by the green willow-trees beside it, of dark cool shadowy nooks, of laughing hillsides which glowed in the sun, of green fields, of white swans that sailed down it, of reeds and sedges through which the wind made music, of pretty rustic bridges that spanned it, of lovers that whispered sweet words on its banks—of all these the river seemed to murmur.

The grounds of the mansion extended to the very banks of the river.

There was a picturesque old boat-house, haunted, so rumor said, by the spirit of a jealous unhappy lady who had drowned herself in the stream, and whose dead body had drifted into the cool silent shadows of the boat-house, where it was found the next day.

The Brent woods were as beautiful as a dream—a fair green kingdom, inhabited by the most musical of birds, by shy rabbits, by saucy squirrels, by a thousand living things known only to ardent students of nature.

There were avenues like great cathedral aisles, full of gleaming lights, half green, half gold; lovely shady "clearings," where the flowers grew so that they formed a carpet—buttercups and daisies, meadow-sweet and celadine, wild hyacinths and blue-bells, flowers enough to send a poet or artist into raptures.

Hidden in the woods too were numerous little brooks, tributaries of the river Brent.

As the mansion stood on the slope of a great green hill, its appearance was very striking.

From the background there seemed to arise a forest of green; on either side stretched stulling woodlands, and in front the beautiful terraces and grounds sloped down to the brimming river.

The General had invited several guests to Brentwood, and the party promised to be a very pleasant one.

"At some future day you will be sole mistress of this beautiful place, Leah," said the Duchess, as they were walking one morning on the great terrace.

"I suppose so," she replied; "but I never like to think of the time.

"I wish that my uncle could live as long as, if not longer than I shall."

She seemed anxious not to continue the conversation, for soon afterwards she clasped her hands in delight.

"Oh, my lady," she said, "what quantities of my favorite passion-flower!

"And what colors—purple, scarlet, and blue!

"What rich clusters! I must gather some; they are like the faces of old friends smiling at me."

"You have brought passion-flowers into fashion," the Duchess said, smiling; "I never saw you without them.

"Why do you like them more than any other flower, Leah?"

"I do not know. I think it is because they are mystical flowers; they are full of mystery and passion and sorrow."

"You ought to like red roses best," said the Duchess; "they suit you."

"No," returned Leah; "give me scarlet passion-flowers; they seem to me choicest of all."

"I suppose," laughed the Duchess, "that when the ideal 'he' comes it will be discovered that his favorite flower is the passion-flower?"

"I should not be surprised," replied Leah gently.

"That will be one of the signs by which you will know him," said the Duchess mockingly; but afterwards the words came back to her, and she marvelled at them.

What the Duchess had said was true, Leah had brought the passion-flower into fashion.

It was her favorite.

If in a fashionable crowd one saw the gleam of scarlet passion-flowers, it was certain that beautiful Leah Hatton was there.

This fancy of hers was well known when Millar, the great artist, painted her portrait, that year the loveliest picture on the walls of the Royal Academy.

He carried out the poetic idea; he painted her, in all the pride of her girlish beauty, in a dress of superb black velvet, with scarlet passion-flowers in her dark hair on her white breast, and shining like flame in her shapely hand.

The picture created quite as great a sensation as the original had.

People crowded to see it.

The artist had named it "The Passion-flower," and those who saw it felt that there was some strange affinity between the beautiful face, with its dark eyes and wild-rose bloom, its ripe scarlet lips, its dawn of passion, and the passion-flower.

The critic all raved of it, society journals praised it, and it brought the mystical flower into fashion; and during the third season Miss Hatton spent in London she was known as the "Passion-flower."

"I have had an adventure this morning," said Sir Arthur, as they sat down to luncheon. "I find that the young master of Glen is expected home during the week. I lost my way in the woods, and came out quite close to the mansion; I have been all over it."

"Where and what is Glen?" asked the Duchess.

And Sir Arthur smiled as he said—

"I ought to be a poet to answer you; it is almost impossible to do so in prose. Glen is simply one of the most lovely spots I know in England."

"More beautiful than Brentwood, uncle?" asked Leah.

"Quite different, Leah. Glen was once the dower-house of a queen: three hundred years ago it came into possession of the Carltons, and has been theirs ever since. It is simply perfect. Your eyes are almost dazzled by the gleam of sunlight in the waters of the many fountains, and by the bright colors of the flowers. The surroundings too are most picturesque."

"I should like to see it," said the lady.

"So should I," added Leah.

"Fair ladies," cried Sir Arthur, "you shall see it whenever you will. The house itself looks so cheerful, no one would ever think that it had once been the scene of a tragedy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

False or True.

BY A. C. H.

ONLY a home; I ask nothing more, Miss Burton; but I must have a home, or die.

"I will be maid, seamstress, if you wish, for a home."

Miss Burton's beautiful brown eyes had never left the speaker's face; for twenty years she had steeled her heart against all pertaining to this girl, and yet now she found it hard to withstand those lovely, pleading eyes.

"If you take me, Miss Burton," continued the sad young voice, "I will serve you so gladly!

"I have battled for myself two years, ever since poor papa died, and now I could wish to die myself."

"Hush, girl! No one dares to wish that.

"You know my story, Jeannette Moore, mine, your father's and your mother's, and you cannot wonder that, although I will keep you, I expect only ingratitude."

"I thank you," said Jeannette Moore, slowly.

"Perhaps some time I can prove that I am not ungrateful."

Miss Burton waved her white hand, commanding silence; then she rang a bell, and said to the maid who answered it—

"Open Miss Florence's room, and have it arranged, for Miss Moore will occupy it henceforth."

When Jeannette Burton was sixteen—she was almost thirty-seven now—she was a vision of beauty seldom seen; those calm, powerful brown eyes and classical features made her pre-eminently glorious.

They had called her "Gloria" in those days, but now it was only Miss Jeannette, or Miss Burton.

The family had then consisted of Mr. Burton, his son Roy, and Gloria, besides Florence, the child of his only brother.

Florence Burton was not beautiful, but she was a thousand times more attractive than stately Gloria, and Roy was madly in love with her; so much so, that Mr. Burton reluctantly consented to their engagement when Roy was eighteen, and his cousin two years younger.

Gloria had been promised to Harry Moore, a handsome young artist, as aristocratic as he was poor, ever since her childhood.

One week before the time fixed for the marriage, Florence started for the village with Harry Moore, to make some trifling purchase for the bride, and never returned.

The next morning word came that they had been married by special license.

The shock killed Mr. Burton, and sent Roy, the care-free Roy of old, away from the loved home of his childhood.

But Jeannette Burton reigned calmly on at Burton Hill.

Only a year after the runaway bride died, leaving a tender baby girl, whose name she asked might be Jeannette, for the girl they had wronged.

Jennie Moore was happy indeed until her father died and left her penniless; but she took up the burden bravely, and worked for her bread with all her might.

She struggled for two years, and then, worn out and disheartened, applied to Miss Burton for aid.

I think even then the lady would have refused her request but for the girl's eloquent, violet eyes, so like Florence Burton's; those she could not resist.

"False!" Miss Jeannette whispered, bitterly, half angry with herself.

"Like mother, like child."

Yes, Jennie Moore was fair and fascinating, with diamond-like eyes, like the Florence of long ago: but whether she, too, were false, only time would tell.

She was at least true to her word; she asked only a home, and she had gotten it.

She secured pupils, and gave lessons in drawing and painting, and soon won her tiny share of fame.

She became a general favorite, too, for she had a pleasant word or a smiling glance from those wonderful violet eyes for everyone.

She took a deep interest in Burton Hill, where she found so many mementoes of her dead reverenced mother.

In the art gallery, seldom entered now, hung that mother's picture, away from the rest of the Burtons, of whose faces Roy's pleased Jennie best.

There was something in the brilliant, proud, and yet kindly brown eyes that made her pity him.

He had loved her mother, and she—Jennie always sighed here—had betrayed his love.

The old wound in Jeannette Burton's heart had healed, and Harry was utterly forgotten in the deep, womanly love which, in her maturer years, she gave to Captain Wittmore.

He, a grave man of forty, loved her as a man only once loves, and his heart warmed as he read her letter, asking him to come to Burton Hill, and telling him of its new inmate, Jeannette Moore; and yet he shivered.

When he met the girl he seemed nervous, and his face paled as he looked into the bright eyes and took one little hand.

"So you are Jennie Moore?" he said.

"Yes."

Jennie faltered, with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, which did not escape Miss Burton's notice.

"Here are some views that arrived yesterday from Scotland, Laurence," she remarked.

"If you will come into the parlor you can see them in a good light."

"I mean to try the picture," the girl whispered, when they left her alone.

"Roy Burton's eyes would look lovely sad, and I must try it.

"But why did he come here?

"I thought he meant to stay in France, where he was when we knew him. Well, it cannot matter."

But she found it did matter, when it was too late.

Captain Wittmore watched Jennie more than half the time, and talked to her, it seemed, the other half.

Miss Burton grew anxious.

Had not Florence taken Harry from her?

Was it just for her child to win Laurence Wittmore?

No, no!

Heaven was unkind to her.

It was a dark, stormy night in November, the third month of Jennie's stay in Burton Hill.

They had been sitting in the library, Jennie apart from the others, painting on a head of the watch-dog, Hero, and Captain Wittmore and Miss Burton talking easily, and a little confidentially, until the latter was called away.

When she returned, some fifteen minutes later, she found the Captain bending over Jennie, who had risen, both of her hands clasped in his.

"Jennie, you will never tell her?" he was saying; and Miss Burton stopped.

"No, I will be true to you," was the answer, bravely given. "And she, dear, good Miss Burton, will never, never know."

"She does know!" exclaimed the listener, entering with a square piece of canvas in her hands.

"You are false too, Jeannette Moore! False as Florence herself! And now I ask you to explain this."

She turned the canvas toward them, and disclosed a picture—a scene familiar to them all—the lawn at Burton's Hill, and three figures there—Miss Jeannette's father, with a paper in his hands, his head bowed with grief—she herself kneeling, with her piteous face lifted to the sky—while Roy stood at a distance, calm and white, with a terrible agony in his brown eyes.

This was Jennie's idea of how they had looked on that dreadful morning, twenty years before, and she had written, in tender, girlish pity, "Gloria's Desertion," in one corner.

"You painted it?"

"Yes," Jennie found voice to reply.

"You are false to me—to all!

"Now take his vile thing and leave my house!

"You are to wait for nothing—go immediately!

"Will you stand aside, Laurence?"

She seized the shivering form, led her to the door, and put her outside.

Captain Wittmore followed her.

"You are mad, Jeannette!" he exclaimed, as the door closed on poor Jennie. "Let me explain. I——"

"You will not say a word!

The brown eyes looked their defiance.

"Neither will you follow her until morning.

"I command it, and I will see that my commands are enforced!"

The morning broke clear.

Jeannette Burton stood at the low window in the library, her sunken eyes turned without, where a figure toiled its way to the gate of Burton Hill.

It was a man, tall and majestic, whose eyes never left the limp, helpless figure he held.

Miss Burton threw open the window as he approached.

"She cannot be brought here!" cried she.

He lifted a pair of dark, stern eyes to her face, and stepped over the casement with his burden, which he placed upon the sofa by the fire.

Poor Jennie was wet through, and utterly unconscious.

Her lashes rested upon her white cheeks, and her long, soft hair fell like a veil half over them.

"You are Jeannette Burton?" asked the stranger.

"I am."

"And she is——"

"Jeannette Moore."

"Florence Burton's daughter?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; I recognized the picture.

"It is sadly defaced. Do you know what it is?"

He held up Jennie's picture, all wet and soiled.

"I do. But who are you?"

"I am Robert Burton, the Roy of this."

He pointed to the canvas.

"My brother!" Miss Jeannette cried.

Jeanie stirred and lifted her violet eyes.

"I meant no harm, Miss Burton," she said, faintly.

"His eyes were so beautiful, and I wanted to see how they would look sorrowful.

"So I painted it, and then I put in the others—you and Mr. Burton. Please forgive me."

Miss Burton left the room and returned with Captain Wittmore, who looked with frightened eyes at Jeanie.

"Jeannette," he said, huskily, turning to her, "you must hear me now, for her sake, whether you will or not.

"I wanted her to keep my secret.

"Five years ago I was a gambler—no inoffensive player, but a desperate gambler, with no higher employment.

"They saved me, Harry Moore and his gentle, violet eyed child.

"I loved you, Jeannette, and I did not want you to know.

"Poor little Jeanie, she kept my secret well."

"Thanks," whispered the girl, sobbingly, and fainted dead away.

She had not been false, after all, but she had paid for her truth almost with her life.

When at last she recovered, there was a quiet wedding at the Hill, and "Gloria," —everybody calls her that now—took her away with the Captain and herself to their own home.

After a little while Jeanie went back to Burton Hill with Roy, as his wife.

"Jeanie, the true!" Roy calls her, laughingly, sometimes; and then, with a tender clasp of the slender form, he assures her that the child has atoned a thousand times for all the pain the mother caused him.

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

OH, how pleasant it is to be alone when the sorrow that weighs on the heart is of a character that cannot be told for human sympathy; to be released from the necessity of speaking and answering and looking composed and interested in all that is going on, and keeping the face in its usual expression of calmness or happiness.

It is a great relief; and so Barbara felt it, when the well-meaning domestic had left her for the night, and she could walk up and down her room, or sit and weep unconscious tears.

This feeling, for the moment, was a luxury to the poor lonely girl, whose cup of sorrow and humiliation was now indeed full to overflowing.

Her early friendlessness; her superiority to all around her, and yet the lack of personal attractions which had added to her solitude; the vague memories of different days; the consciousness of gentle birth; the loss of her beloved Lillian; the yet more bitter sense of the gulf that was forever placed between their natures and tastes and ideas—all these sorrows had been hard and bitter, but they had no touch of self-reproach or shame in them.

But the new misery that had now befallen her; the wretchedness of loving unsought, hopelessly, rashly, where her love would only meet with contempt and wonder and scorn, if its existence could be suspected,—this was the last, worst, and overpowering sorrow of the orphan maiden's life.

Barbara had a strong nature; but the very intensity of her temperament gave increased depth and power to the affections and the wretchedness and shame she felt.

It was a character that could do nothing, feel nothing, save with the whole heart and soul; one that threw itself entirely into the engrossing passion of her inner life.

And thus she sat till long after midnight; she then prepared, cold and shivering, to seek the bed which she felt as if she cared never to leave more.

The excitation that had succeeded to the unwonted excitement of the evening had helped the natural tendencies of youth, and her head had not been long on the pillow ere she sank into a deep sleep.

She scarcely knew how long her forgetfulness of her miseries had lasted, when a sharp knock at the door startled her, and Susan entered the room with a look of eager haste.

"Please, Miss Graham, will you get up directly," she said; "mistress wants to see you. She seems in a terrible way about something or other; so please don't be long."

Half bewildered by the suddeness of the waking after so heavy a sleep, Barbara began to dress with a vague feeling of misery for the past and dread of the future, which weighed on her faculties, and even impeded her powers of dressing as speedily as Susan had counselled, but she was soon fully awakened to her position and the necessity of exertion to prepare herself for whatever Mrs. Forbes might have to say to her.

Susan had her own misgivings as to the change of dress being the real cause of Miss Graham's evident discomposure; but as Mrs. Forbes had said nothing about it, and the safe maxim of keeping out of broils was one fully recognized by the good woman, she kept a discreet silence on the subject.

Barbara was arrayed in her usual quiet, modest dress, and her hair arranged in its sober, primitive fashion, when she repaired to the lady's dressing-room.

She was a striking contrast to herself of the previous night; but still there were the beautiful eyes and the intellectual brow, the graceful figure, to prove her identity.

The first glance of Mrs. Forbes was enough to bring the proud blood to Barbara's cheek; for the lady's still handsome face wore an expression of the most bitter disdain and indignation that such features could assume.

"So you are come at last!" she said. "A pretty hour, nine o'clock, for you to be asleep and in bed! But, of course, when the right position of a person is set aside, everything goes wrong. And now that you are come, will you be good enough to explain how you came to have the audacity to cast off the dress which Miss Forbes condescended to bestow on you, though much against my ideas of propriety; and next, from what quarter you got the very unsuitable costume you wore, and which you could scarcely come by honestly, or, at least, decorously?"

She spoke with the haughty, stern contempt of an infuriated and angry mistress to an offending servant.

"Madam," replied Barbara, proudly, "I am not your servant. I will not answer questions addressed in such a tone of contempt and unjust harshness. My conduct is as correct and pure and innocent as your own daughter's; and if you had questioned me before judging, I could easily have proved it to be so."

"Impertinent, audacious girl, do you dare to answer me in that tone!" exclaimed Mrs. Forbes, almost trembling with passion. "You do indeed confirm my worst suspicions, or you would not dare to defy me in that manner. I tell you, insolent girl, that you are one of my household, and maintained at my expense; and whatever you may choose to call yourself, I have a right to receive and demand an account of your conduct while under my roof and receiving my wages,—for wages they are, or else *charity*."

The last words were pronounced as tauntingly as they were bitter in themselves.

Barbara stood proudly facing her for a few moments; a real, honest scorn of the mean tyranny and passion that the beautiful, wealthy patroness displayed, shining from her eyes, and giving a temporary calmness and dignity to her words.

"Madam," she said, quietly, "I will answer any questions that are put to me as one woman should speak to another, till she is proved to be unworthy, however different their stations. But I do not recognise such vast superiority in my employer. You are a gentleman's wife, and I am a gentleman's daughter, though a poor one."

"Oh, indeed!" laughed Mrs. Forbes, with an almost hysterical attempt at scorn. "I now see the folly of the whole affair in its most glaring aspect. However, we will, as you wish, pay every proper respect to the would be 'lady,'" she continued, and there was bitter scorn in the tone; "so pray sit down, Miss Barbara Graham,—unless you wish for my own peculiar sofa, in token of your equality. And be so good as to reply with a little decorum and modesty to the questions I have a right to ask you."

Barbara's cheek burned, but she had sufficient self-possession to obey the taunting permission, and seat herself on the chair indicated by the irate lady.

"And now," said she, "may I presume to ask your reason for discarding a dress considered good enough to be worn by Miss Forbes, and graciously bestowed by her on you?"

"I can give you none, madam," replied Barbara.

"Oh, indeed!" said the lady. "Then you did it in your sleep, I suppose, and without any pre-arrangement or scheming whatever?"

"You are right, madam," replied Barbara. "It was without any knowledge or arrangement of mine; and till now I believed the dress which was substituted for the one I understood to be intended for me, was a present from you or Miss Forbes. I never saw it till it was brought to me when I was dressing."

"Oh, very likely!" said Mrs. Forbes; "of course you would not be expected to see it. Do you want me to believe that you had no hand in it, nor knew of its coming, or its being in some discreditable way procured for you."

"I cannot tell what you may believe, madam," replied Barbara, quietly; "but if you mean, was that really the case, I again say that it was. I had not the least idea that there was any dress prepared for me but the one I tried on; and to this moment I am as ignorant as yourself of the way in which it came, or the person who procured it."

It was fortunate for Barbara that the bitter ordeal of the night before had robbed the suspicion which flashed upon her of any embarrassing consciousness, or she could hardly have sustained unflinchingly the keen, searching look of the indignant mother of Pauline.

Mrs. Forbes, however, indignant and annoyed as she was, could not doubt the truthfulness of those proud, fearless eyes; and the noble carriage of the girl whom she so wantonly insulted spoke so unmistakably of innocence and purity.

But the very conviction of Barbara's unconsciousness and want of any connivance in the mystery of the ball dress, gave tenfold bitterness and strength to the fears which Mrs. Forbes entertained.

Still there was time and opportunity under such circumstances to avert mischief, and the only consideration was how she could best deal with the unflinching and proud-spirited girl, whose character she had hitherto so little suspected, and she began to think that she had gone on a wrong tack.

"Well," she said, "I am willing to believe it, however incredible. It would be painful to me to think that a girl who had been so long the companion of my daughter could be guilty of such extreme and wilful impropriety. But still I cannot believe that such a liberty could have been taken without some encouragement on your part, to what had been doubtless a foolish piece of uncalled-for and questionable generosity."

"The matter is simply this: Neither Colonel Forbes, my daughter, nor myself has any knowledge of this absurd affair. It must therefore have been either ordered by yourself or some person who knows you. Now I ask you, on the word of a gentlewoman, if you really claim that title, do you know of any one who could do anything so ridiculous?"

Barbara's eyes did fall a little under the long lashes as she listened.

There was but one person, and that was Mr. Ashley, who could have dreamed of her wants, or been willing to gratify them.

But then, he could not possibly have contrived the surprise, had he been likely to think of so feminine a want.

She was, however, too proud and too wise to depart from the truth.

"I have had but one friend, or rather benefactor, madam, and he would scarcely have thought of such a present," she replied calmly. "I mean Mr. Ashley; and of him I scarcely know anything save that he has pitied me, and helped me in the truest way, by giving me the means of improvement."

"And I suppose you think it was Mr. Ashley?" said Mrs. Forbes, scornfully.

"No, madam, I do not," replied Barbara. "I have no reason to suppose that the dress came from Mr. Ashley, nor from any one save yourself and Miss Forbes."

Mrs. Forbes waited for a few minutes, and then entirely changed her manner and look.

"Barbara," she said, with a softened voice, and gentle, almost appealing look. "I have perhaps been too hasty and severe; but it does certainly appear that you have been exceedingly imprudent in coming to such unfounded conclusions. Indeed, I cannot but add that there was a degree of forwardness and assumption in your whole deportment last night which was unbecoming your position in this house. Still——"

"Pardon me, madam, if I interrupt you," said Barbara, with a quiet dignity that impressed even the haughty woman with whom she had to deal, "but I cannot let myself be unjustly aspersed. It was entirely by the wish and the arrangement of others that I was in any way brought forward, I say, at the desire of Miss Forbes; and you would scarcely have wished me to give as a reason for refusing to dance, that you had forbidden it. More than that I did not do. I retired from notice, instead of seeking it; and I defy any one to assert the contrary."

"You are very bold, Miss Graham," said Mrs. Forbes, flushing deeply.

"If I am, madam," she replied, "I entreat you to remember that the character of a penniless orphan is even more precious to her than that of a wealthy heiress, since it is her all."

Barbara's firmness wellnigh gave way, and tears sprang into her eyes, in spite of her efforts to hide such proofs of weakness.

"Well, well, we will not speak further on that point," said Mrs. Forbes, whose plans were by this time tolerably well arranged. "I am willing and happy to believe that it was more the effect of circumstances and the mistaken kindness of others, rather than your own forwardness, Barbara, that did the mischief. And as a proof my confidence in your propriety and good sense, and willingness to do what is right and womanly, I am going to place a trust in you, which I had certainly no idea of when I sent for you in displeasure."

Barbara was silent.

Young as she was, she had little faith in this sudden alteration of manner and speech.

"Barbara," resumed the lady, "you are very young, I confess; but still I believe you have sense and judgment beyond your years, and you can understand that I speak from experience, which entitles me to respect and deference."

Another pause—but Barbara gave no assistance by word or look, and Mrs. Forbes was obliged to proceed.

"You can scarcely have failed to observe the terms on which Sir Ernest is received into our family—not only as a relative, but as one who will ere long hold a nearer and dearer connection to us. For years he has been considered as the future husband of Pauline. They loved each other as children; they parted with more than childish sorrow; and they met again with attractions that completely justify and strengthen the feelings of earlier days. Indeed it only waits our full sanction for this engagement between them to be openly announced. Under these circumstances and where the happiness of an only and most lovely child is at stake, can you wonder I should feel indignant at anything that should risk her peace or compromise the character and honor of her future husband? Even at your age you must understand so much of natural and maternal feelings."

"I am at a loss to see what I have done to outrage either," said Barbara, coldly.

She was getting very hard and stony—poor girl.

"Simply this," said Mrs. Forbes: "Sir Ernest could never, under any circumstances, think of you in any honorable way. Still, at their very best, young men are volatile, romantic, and impulsive; and I feel certain that Sir Ernest's foolish generosity and notice of you has been a freak of this sort, and perhaps even merely to please Pauline."

"Then, if you are certain of that madam, what harm can it have done?" said Barbara, bitterly. "For myself, you cannot assert, with truth, that I have done one single thing that has laid me open to all this bitter reproach. If, as you imply, Sir Ernest Forbes was the donor of the dress, I can only say, it was so entirely without one word or look that could have given me such an idea, that I never even dreamed of his knowing that I should want a dress at all. He certainly never alluded to so trivial a subject during the few sentences that have passed between us. And, as to any preferences for myself, pray remember, madam, that the idea was yours, not mine. I should never have thought it possible, especially if he is engaged to Miss Forbes."

"I never meant to convey such a ridiculous idea," said Mrs. Forbes, turning pale with vexation, for she saw the blunder she had made. "Of course," she added, "you can scarcely look at yourself by the side of Miss Forbes and suppose that you could rival her, even if your positions were equal. As it is, it is too absurd to think of; still, young men of fortune, and idle and warm-hearted like Sir Ernest, may have fancies to amuse themselves, and thereby not only injure their own feelings, but give great pain to the object of their affections. Besides, it would do you a great wrong, and fill your heart with notions that would seriously damage your future exertions for your own maintenance. Therefore, as Pauline's mother, and your mistress, I am only doing my duty to both by stopping such folly in its commencement."

"Please to conclude, madam," said Barbara, for her strength was fast giving way under these cruel outrages on her feelings. "What are your intentions for me? When I have heard them I will very soon give you my plans."

"Of course you cannot remain here," said the lady harshly. "It would not at all meet my views of a companion for a young person of such imprudent character to remain near my daughter; nor should I like Sir Ernest to be exposed to the awkwardness of the position in which he has so foolishly placed himself."

"What position, madam?" demanded Barbara, quickly.

"That of an unsuitable equality," replied Mrs. Forbes, sternly.

"Don't flatter yourself I can mean anything but that, or that I have the slightest fear that Sir Ernest would not repent his own rash, romantic generosity. But I do not choose that he should have even the opportunity to show it; therefore you will at once prepare to leave my house."

"Which I most certainly should have done under any circumstances, madam," said Barbara, proudly.

"I am a dependant on my own exertions, not on your bounty; and if I were even receiving charity instead of the salary due for my services, it would be no justification for the cruel insults you have heaped on me. I will leave your house this day."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Forbes, sharply. "Do you imagine I mean a scandal to be bruited over the whole household and among those of our friends who knew of your residence here.

"Of course you must leave, but it shall be managed in a very different way from that. I shall announce that you are confined to your room with a severe cold; and then in the course of a few days you will probably hear of something, and go with a proper and intelligible reason—that will excite no remarks. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," said Barbara, with a look that the lady also perfectly understood.

"I know, perhaps better than you imagine, the objections you have to my sudden departure; but remember, madam, I am not your slave, to be retained in your household against my will, and then dismissed at your pleasure.

"I shall certainly decline to act any such part as you assign to me.

"If you choose to give me a proper notice, and permit me to persue my usual duties and leave in an open and creditable way, I am willing to save your character by complying with a very irksome request.

"If not, I shall go this very day, and leave you to account for me as you can."

"And you are vain enough to suppose any one will care to know where my daughter's maid is, or why she is gone?" exclaimed Mrs. Forbes, choking with rage.

"I can tell you, girl, that if it were so, it would be the greatest stain on your character, and one which would prevent my ever giving any reference you may require.

"Choose at once; obey my directions, and I will take care you suffer no loss by the change that must be made; or take your own way, and lose your means of gaining your daily bread.

"No one would take you without a character, now you have once been in a situation."

Barbara had risen from her seat, and now stood confronting the enraged woman with a quiet contempt in her look that was far more bitter than the most passionate words.

"Mrs. Forbes," she said, in a low, compressed voice, "may Heaven forgive you for the wrongs you have heaped on my head this day! I would not change positions with you, with that memory on your conscience, or the fear that it may be visited on you or those dear to you. You know, in your heart, that I am as innocent in thought, word, and deed, as your own child; and you are driving me from your house on the wide world, like a guilty thing. I leave you to excuse your conduct as you best can; but it cannot be excused to your own heart."

Barbara then walked from the room with

the calm dignity of a superior, rather than the outraged, insulted dependant of the haughty woman, who remained struck dumb by the unexpected firmness of the friendless orphan.

She hastened to her own room, and when once in safety and the door locked against every intruder, her strength and pride gave way, and the nature of the girl—the young and inexperienced and ardent girl—asserted itself with a force that seemed to avenge the constraint hitherto put on those natural feelings and emotions.

Barbara's training had indeed rapidly matured her head as well as her heart.

She had self-control and thought and discernment fitting rather for a woman of twenty-seven than a girl of seventeen. Her age, and the intense enthusiastic nature and the proud delicacy which distinguished her, and, yet more, the one great absorbing passion of woman's life which she was now beginning to realize, would assert their power, and revenge themselves for this constraint.

She wept tears that seemed to come from her very heart, and yet they did not relieve the burden that weighed on it.

The steps in the corridor, the ringing of bells, the striking of the clock, all warned Barbara that the day was fast progressing, and that she must lose no more time in fruitless, inactive grief.

But though she could thus wake to the necessity of action, and dry her tears, and rise from the hopeless despairing posture in which she had sunk on entering her room, it was not so easy to decide on the steps she must take to carry out her determination. To leave the house that day was her fixed resolve, even if she had not had another refuge in which to seek shelter.

For a moment the thought of Mrs. Holder's kind offer crossed her mind, and the intense longing to feel the delight of such maternal kindness, such kindly joyous companionship as Kate Holder's, and so refined and congenial an abode as their house would offer, made the idea a tempting one.

But the proud reluctance to accept such aid and goodness from strangers on whom she had no claim, and the dread of evil tongues, made that plan quickly abandoned by the orphan.

Then came the thought of lodgings, of the dreary, helpless solitude, the uncertainty of the hands into which she might fall, and the want of funds to sustain long the necessary expenses, should she not succeed in obtaining any means of a livelihood.

Barbara pondered over these difficulties while busily packing her small but sufficient and neat wardrobe, and, happily for herself, almost deadened the acute misery of her feelings by the urgency of decision on so important a point.

The work of packing being over, the clothes, the books, the music that had wonderfully accumulated since her residence at Colonel Forbe's, all collected and placed in her one large trunk, she sat down to count the money that remained to her out of the salary she had received.

Her whole riches amounted to fifty dollars.

It seemed a large sum when she remembered the solitary half-dollar which kind Mrs. Fenton had placed in her hand at parting; but still she had seen enough of the value of money to understand that it would soon disappear under the melting process of daily outlay.

She must arrange some economical mode of living for the present, and obtain employment, however humble, as soon as possible.

But how and where could she accomplish her purpose?

Her old asylum occurred to her as a familiar and safe refuge; but then came the old difficulty—the certainty of being traced, and the natural reluctance to go to her old friend with so unintelligible and suspicious a tale as she would have to tell.

Like many another brave spirit in similar circumstances, poor Barbara found that it is easier to resolve than to act—more easy to throw off a yoke, and repel insult at any hazard, than to carry out into practice the high spirit that dictated the unhesitating determination.

Still she repented not, flinched not from her purpose, even if she spent her whole little stock of money ere she obtained any means of support: it was better to be free, independent, even in want, than be subject to indignity and insult and slavery.

With a deep sigh of perplexity, and almost despair, she was just replacing her money in her purse, when Susan knocked at the door.

"Please let me in, Miss Graham," she said; "I have something for you."

Barbara admitted the faithful, kindly creature, with a pang of regret at the idea of losing the sympathizing and honest, disinterested regard she had ever shown her.

Susan started at the sight of the trunk, and of the preparations for departure that she saw on every side.

"Dear me, Miss Graham, whatever is the matter!" she exclaimed.

"Why, my mistress is as cross as can be, and all about that dress of yours.

"I told her I was as innocent as the babe unborn, for I got it from Benson, directed to you, and was told that all the message was, that it was for the ball that night; and what could I think, but that some friend of yours had sent it, being a deal prettier and more becoming than that green thing?

"But there, I can see through a millstone as well as anybody, and I have my own ideas where it came from."

"Hush, Susan, hush!" said Barbara; "I don't want to get any one else into trouble, so you had better not confess to any ideas on the subject, true or false.

"But I must say good-bye now, dear Susan, for I am going away, and I fear I may never see you again; but I shall never forget you."

"Going away, Miss Graham!" cried the astonished servant.

"Well, that beats anything.

"You, who have been so good and patient and done Miss Pauline so much good, to be sent away just because you get a bit of notice taken of you!

"It's a shame, I say, and it will come down on their own heads.

"But it isn't Miss Pauline nor my master, but it's my mistress.

"I know her pretty well by this time. She's kind enough when all goes right; but the moment anything touches her, or goes contrary, she's as spiteful and bitter as a cat that's lost her kittens.

"But you had better put up with it, Miss Graham.

"Do as I've done this many a year, and bear her queer ways.

"You're too young to go out in the world, and you don't know what good fortune may happen to you if you've patience."

"It cannot be, Susan," replied Barbara, half smiling at the good woman's volubility.

"I have made up my mind, and I could not stay now if I would, and the only thing I am perplexed about is a lodging, till I am able to get another situation.

"Could you recommend me to any cheap, respectable place?"

"I do know of one," said Susan, after a minute's hesitation; "but then, you see, it is so very plain and simple, only it's safe, and, I'll answer for it," reasonable as you'd find anywhere.

"It's an aunt of mine, that used to live in a very good family—a Mr. Vesey's, somewhere in the north, and then she married the butler, and they were unfortunate in a public-house they took; indeed, I never knew much about them, nor saw her husband till they came to London, and took a shop in Pimlico.

"But I did hear once that he had lived in Mr. Ashley's father's or grandfather's family when he was young; and then he stayed on at the old gentleman's death, to help the servant keep the house for some time, for it was quite deserted, it seems, till Mr. Sidney's father died."

"I shall be most thankful to go there, Susan, if they can receive me," said Barbara, for she took a strange interest in all that concerned Sidney Ashley, and had listened with eager attention to Susan's story.

"They'd be proud to receive you," said Susan, "for they know a real lady when they see one, wherever she is; but I'm afraid you'll think it very humble."

"Do not talk of its being humble, dear Susan," said Barbara, bursting into tears from the very relief she felt.

"It will be a perfect relief, a real happiness."

"Well, well," said Susan, "they'll take care of you, and be good to you; and I'll come and see you whenever I can, poor child! and perhaps—who knows what may happen?"

"Susan," said Barbara, suddenly starting from her kneeling attitude to complete the arrangement of a small case given her by Pauline, "you must promise me you will never let any one know where I am.

"It would be the only condition on which I can go; for it would do me a greater injury than you can imagine, if you were to give any one a clue to my address.

"Promise me, dear Susan."

"Bless the dear child, what a state she's in!" observed Susan, kindly.

"Yes, yes, I'll take care. I've not lived so long in good families without knowing better than that, and I quite understand what's proper for young ladies.

"Trust me, miss, I'll be as careful of you as if you were my own sister."

"Then give me the address, Susan, and send for a cab at once; for I feel as if I could not breathe here," said Barbara.

"Now be guided by me, miss," said Susan hesitatingly.

"You can stay here quite safe, for Miss Pauline has gone out with her papa riding, and my mistress is lying down, and Sir Ernest is away somewhere—I don't know where.

"So I'll just get you some luncheon, and then I'll send a lad with a note to tell my aunt to get ready for you; and when Miss Pauline is dressed for dinner, I'll go with you myself and see you safe.

"I couldn't let you go wandering in that fashion; you'd get lost, as you did the other day."

The memory of that terrible fright returned vividly to Barbara's mind, and made her more willing to submit to Susan's plan.

Indeed, her secluded life had made her as timid and unaccustomed to independent movements out of doors as if she had been a petted, cherished daughter of wealth and care.

So she thankfully assented, and complied with Susan's proposal, that now that all her arrangements were completed, she should lie down, while she herself went to procure her some refreshment.

Barbara was so fairly exhausted that she thankfully extended herself on the familiar couch which would be her resting-place no longer, and quietly awaited the kind domestic's return, which was delayed somewhat longer than she expected.

Her thoughts wandered, by a strange association of ideas, to the day when she first saw Ernest Forbes, after her putting with Lillian, and her alarm at the rude and insulting stranger from whom Sidney Ashley had rescued her.

It had been a memorable and eventful day; but, of all its occurrences, it seemed that, at that moment, her capricious memory chose to dwell more on the rude stranger than on the more interesting and important meetings.

Even the image of her beautiful sister, the noble form of Sidney Ashley, the less dangerously familiar figure of Ernest Forbes, stood out less prominently to her mind, than the unpleasing face and commonplace figure of that man who had so insulted her.

She felt that she would have known him again among hundreds, and by a fanciful and perhaps morbid play of the imagination she worked herself into a nervous and unaccountable belief that he was connected in some strange way with her future destiny.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the morning which Barbara had spent in sorrow and humiliation, Kate Holder was all unconsciously placing her in strong relief to her beautiful and favored sister.

In truth the young lady had felt and indulged the very desultory and "doing" humor which generlly seizes her sex after a ball, and the result had been a visit to Lily Joddrell, by way of a vent for the excitement and ennui which make up the mood called "restless."

But if she intended and wished for a regular young-lady gossip, she was disappointed.

Lillian was not alone.

She was sitting, or rather half crouching, in her favorite attitude on her peculiar luxurious ottoman, while near her, with eyes riveted on her lovely face and graceful form, and lips parted as if in answer to some playful remark of the beautiful creature on whom his gaze was fixed, sat Philip Joddrell.

There was an arch, half-gratified consciousness on Lily's face that at once caught Kate Holder's quick eye.

It spoke of vanity, satisfaction, and triumph, but not love.

Still the two looked so very lover-like as Kate entered the room, that she stood for a moment hesitating whether to advance or beat a precipitate retreat; but Lily sprang up, and welcomed her with a cordiality that said the interruption was no disagreeable one so far as she was concerned.

"Oh, Kate," she cried, "I am very glad your are come!

"I was getting terribly tired of your cousin's grave lectures on the levity with which I treat matters that he calls serious, and which I think very amusing."

She flung a saucy look of defiance at her lover that a veiled expression of happiness and affection in her eyes deprived of its most wondering meaning; at least, so Philip read it.

Perhaps Kate Holder was somewhat more clear in her interpretation of the spoiled beauty's feelings.

"I am glad I do not intrude," she said, archly, "for the fact is, I am regularly dissipated this morning, and came to describe the birthday fete to you, Lily.

"But, first, why were you not there, and why was Philip not there?"

"I did not care to go," he replied. "I have no taste for such half-and-half affairs.

"I couldn't be bothered to dress, especially as——"

"As Lily was not going?" said Kate.

"As Lady Joddrell and she did not need my escort," he said, stiffly.

"Oh, I cry you mercy," said Kate; "I did not mean to be impertinent, at least not more so than usual.

"But, seriously, you both lost a remarkably gay and well-got up ball, and what is more, the pleasure of listening to the most magnificent voice I ever heard in my life."

"Which has been such a very long one, that your verdict is conclusive," retorted Philip, who was not apparently in very good humor.

"Perhaps," said Kate; "but as Mr. Ashley gave almost as warm praise as I did to the performance, you may imagine it was worth hearing."

"And who was it?" asked Philip.

"Nobody that you ever heard of, I expect," replied Kate, rising, as she spoke, to receive Lady Joddrell's greeting, as that lady came unexpectedly into the room; "it was a private performer, though a very extraordinary one in every respect: but such a splendid voice, and such execution I never heard before, except perhaps at the Opera."

"And who is this wonderful singer?" asked Lily, a shadow coming over her fair brow.

"Well, that is almost more than I can explain," replied Kate. "It is a sort of mysterious friend and companion of Pauline's, who has been apparently kept from vulgar gaze. Her name is Graham—that is all I can tell you about her, and a most remarkable and attractive-looking girl she certainly is."

"My dear Kate, I really wish you would not indulge these school-girl, silly rhapsodies before Lily," said Lady Joddrell, looking supremely indignant. "It is such very bad taste; I am sure your mamma would not countenance it. The young person you speak of is evidently some dependant in Mrs. Forbe's household, probably brought down just to exhibit for the amusement of her guests, but not of course intended as their companion or equal."

"I really do not know about the intention," replied the undaunted Kate: "I only know the result. Miss Graham not only attracted a great deal of notice when she first appeared, waltzing with Sir Ernest Forbes, but she had same capital partners afterwards, and entranced the whole room with her singing, both with Pauline Forbes and alone. Mr. Ashley never took his eyes off her as she sung, and I saw him sigh when she had finished, as if he had just woke up from a dream."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

TOOTH-ACHE DROPS.—Tincture of aconite root 1 oz., tincture of opium 1 oz., carbolic acid 1 dram. Wet the cotton and place in the tooth.

ROAD-RAIL.—A rail for common roads has been introduced in France. It is embedded in concrete and is flush at the edges with the roadway. From the sides it slopes down to the centre, so as to enable the wheels of vehicles to retain their places upon it. The estimated cost is about $2 a yard.

RAW SILK.—A method has been introduced by which to soften raw-silk, and to prevent the generation of electricity in boiled silk during the process of winding. To this end, the winding machine is provided with a steam generator, for dampening or moistening the silk by a spray of steam. It is found that in this way the gum on the raw silk can be kept soft, its effect also on the boiled silk being to render it flexible while being wound, and the generation of electricity is prevented. The steam generator employed for effecting these results is arranged below the swifts of the machine, and is furnished with perforations in its upper side, for the distribution of steam to the silk on the swift.

ELECTRICITY.—Another electric gas lighting device has been brought forward, with the claim of greater reliability in its operation. The machine consists in a sliding valve, or cut off, controling the supply of gas to the burner, this valve being attached to the armature of an induction coil contained in a casing, and supported on the end of a hollow arm, through which the gas passes before reaching the burner. Wires lead from the poles of the coil to the opposite side of the slot of the burner, and when the circuit is closed the gas valve or cut-off is opened, admitting the gas to the burner—when it is ignited by the sparks caused by the interruption of the circuit.

STEAM ARMOR.—Experiments made at Leipsic with a cuirass formed of a new kind of steel preparation show some very satisfactory results. The metal of this cuirass, as described, is only about three-fiftieths of an inch thick, and is lined inside with a layer of wood; the cuirass itself is fourteen inches wide and ten inches high, being intended only to protect the heart and lungs, and weighs two and one-fourth pounds. Eleven rounds were fired at it, at a distance of 175 yards, from a Martina breech-loading rifle; and, of eight bullets which struck the cuirass, only two pierced the metal—while even these were completely flattened and remained in the woolen lining, so that a man wearing the cuirass would have been uninjured. Its lightness constitutes a marked advantage.

Farm and Garden.

CUT WORMS.—A Wisconsin lady says that one half a pint of salt and one ounce of copperas dissolved in a gallon of water is all that is needed for a cut worm prevention. She dips the plants in this solution before setting them. Says she has used it for years and never knew of a plant being cut off after taking this precaution.

PRUNING.—This should be attended to every year. From the time the trees are set until they are cut down as cumberers of the ground. By during this there need be but few twigs or limbs removed at a time, giving the tree-head a proper shape with open, low spreading branches to let in the air and sunlight to the fruit, and to protect the body and roots from the direct rays of the summer sun. This is a necessity that cannot be neglected where success to the fullest extent is attained.

PLANTS FOR WINTER.—Remember that if plants are wanted for winter blooming it is well not to allow them to bloom much during the summer. During their growth, at this season, the extremities of the shoots may be pinched in, to give them a proper form, and only a small portion of the flower-buds that are produced should be allowed to bloom—the others should be removed. The result in autumn will be handsomely-formed and vigorous plants, ready for blooming during the winter.

SUCKERS.—The present is the best time, according to the Country Gentleman, to remove suckers from the trunks of orchard trees—not by cutting them away and leaving stumps which will send us new suckers, but by pulling them off with a brisk jerk downwards, setting the foot first on them if they are strong. If low down remove the earth about the tree. A gouge and mallet may be needed for large suckers. But, as we said before, do not take the suckers from newly-grafted young trees this summer.

POTTING-MOULD.—There is one infallible method of treating potting-mould if suspected of containing vermin of any kind—that is, to fill the pots the day before they are to be used, and water the soil in them with boiling water. Scald also as much as you will require for filling in. Next day it will be none too moist to work with, and there will not be a live creature in it. Do not mix coal ashes with your potting-mould; that is just the way to spoil it. Earth-worms are not the enemies you suppose them to be, and they should not be ruthlessly destroyed: they are appointed by nature to ventilate the subsoil by boring in it channels for the admission of air. They may be ejected from your pots or from the lawn when they have became troublesome by means of lime-water; the remedy at the same time will benefit the plants.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

Terms, Without Premium:

$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,

which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

CLUBS.

One copy one year	$2 00
Two copies one year	3 50
Three copies one year	5 00
Four copies one year	6 50
Five copies one year	8 00
Ten copies one year	15 00
Twenty copies one year	28 00

☞An extra copy free to a person getting up a club of five or more. Additions may be made to clubs at any time during the year at the same rate.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Presenting the Bride!

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT OUR NEW PREMIUM, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE" IS ONLY OFFERED TO THOSE WHO SEND $2 FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION AND FIVE THREE-CENT STAMPS TO PAY POSTAGE AND PACKING ON PREMIUM.

Club subscribers must also pay as above to be entitled to this Premium.

The Premium cannot be purchased by itself; it can only be obtained in connection with THE POST. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. Where a second premium is desired, another subscription will have to be sent.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
(Lock Box 8.) **720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.**

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1903.

Contents.

SERIALS — "RED RIDING-HOOD," "BARBARA GRAHAM," and "THE BROKEN RING."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Perhaps the most noticeable mental difference between man and woman is that of wit. Without meaning it to be uncomplimentary, we might say with some truth that woman's wit is on her tongue; and might assume with equal truth that the same attribute of the opposite sex is lodged in the head. Woman's wit is generated without any mental effort, and is as natural to her as any of her most essential characteristics. It is this spontaneity of wit, this readiness of language, which forms the chief charm in female conversation. Man's wit, however, appears to require more time for its conception, is more sustained in character, and more lasting when produced.

Woman, though endowed with artistic feelings even more generally than man, is never, except in the rarest instances, Art's direct creative expositor. She has tried her powers in fiction, poetry, and every branch of intellectual pursuits; but, with the exception of a few isolated cases, has left nothing which can in any way rank with the productions of man. It is not that she lacks imagination or creative power. The very cause which gives spontaneity to her wit, obstructs the slower process of rendering her thoughts in written language. From very abundance of words, she fails to do justice to her own thoughts. Language is too near, too ready to assist her, and would clothe her ideas in a multitude of needless vestments. This is well exemplified in poetry. Women are naturally far more poetic than men.

There is also a great difference in the degree of will-power possessed by the two sexes. The feminine will is strong in the same direction in which its affections are strong. Man's actions are governed by reason and love, but more especially by reason; woman's actions are also governed by reason and love, but more especially by love. Man can rule his fellows and draw them to obedience by the strength of reason; woman can command obedience only where her affections meet with a response. But reason is more authoritative than love. The latter extends only to those who are under its influence, while the voice of reason will find obedient servants in every part of the human world.

Both reason and love are God-like attributes. Love is higher and more divine than reason; but reason is a sterner, more steadfast more commanding quality, and therefore more fitted to rule a world in which the God-like is only a rare and short visitant.

Again, there is the most marked difference between the two sexes in the manner of their acceptance of truth, religion, or otherwise. A woman readily accepts whatever appeals to her feeling; a man scrutinizes every theory from every point of view, and will accept nothing which has not passed the tribunal of his judgment. Woman looks, loves, and trusts for ever. Man looks, questions, reasons, and then loves; and even after this, will probably reason and question again.

Yet woman is not simply "the lesser man." It is not that her intellect is inferior to man's, but that it is of a different kind. She is a distinct being, with distinct duties and aims; is as great in her particular line of life as man in his.

It is not through any intellectual attainments that she lends us to seek her affection. She may be wise and clever as our cleverest sages; but it is only when she can lay aside her scholarship, descend from the pedestal of Wisdom, and become entirely and emphatically Woman, that our hearts feel that admiration for her which it becomes us to bestow, and which she is entitled to receive.

SANCTUM CHAT.

WOOL-GROWING and spinning in Russia is almost universal, being as much, if not more, of a home industry, than a factory business. Almost every peasant keeps a few sheep, whose wool seldom enters commerce, but is spun and used at home.

—

THE will of George Washington, which is on file in the clerk's office in Fairfax county, Va., has received so much wear at the hands of strangers, that a glass case has been made for it, and visitors will no longer be permitted to handle it. The document is written on heavy, unruled paper, about note size, and every side is covered. There are twenty-seven pages, all of which have General Washington's name attached except the twenty third, which ended with the words, "City of Washington," and it is supposed that in looking over it the General mistook the words for his signature, and therefore failed to sign the page. The entire will is in his own handwriting.

—

FROM a careful investigation of the question of death of the farmers of Massachusetts, as made a few years since, under the direction of the State Board of health, and giving the observations of some fifty eminent physicians practicing in different agricultural districts, it was found that farmers are the longest-lived of any class. In the thirty-seventh annual registration report of Massachusetts, is given the average age at death, for the past thirty-five years, of the citizens of the State who were engaged in each of the following occupations, and who were over twenty years of age: All classes and occupations, 51.15; cultivators of the earth, 65.57; active mechanics abroad, 53.05; professional men, 51.27; merchants, financiers, agents, etc., 49.06; active mechanics in shops, 47.97; laborers, no special trades, 47.91; employed on the ocean, 47.15; inactive mechanics in shops, 44.45; females, 39.72; factors laboring abroad, 37.42.

—

THOSE who work much in the hot sun should avoid drinking large quantities of cold water; it is better, if possible, to take small draughts at frequent intervals. If some of the cold water is poured upon the wrists, or held upon the temples, or both, the temperature of the body will be rapidly reduced, and with better effect upon the system than if taken internally. A light, white hat is far more comfortable than a black, heavy one, and if it has a wet cloth, or even a fresh cabbage leaf, placed in the crown, it will be all the more cool and comfortable. A light handkerchief, tied loosely about the neck, will protect it from the burning sun. A bath at night is very refreshing, but should not be prolonged.

—

Good digestion depends very largely upon mental conditions and influences. Hence it is of great importance that pleasant, helpful topics of conversation should be chosen at table. The discussion of diseases at meals is especially harmful and annoying; it is very distasteful, and altogether inconsistent with simple good breeding. Equally ill-timed and injurious are fretting and grumbling about your food. Study to keep free from mental or emotional excitement before, during, and after meals, and do not take any violent exercise before or after meals. Take no food whatever (fruits included) except at meal times, and carry no fruit away from the table. Eat slowly, and masticate all foods thoroughly. As a rule, drink sparingly at the table, and do not drink freely within an hour before and after meals.

—

IN a recent paper well supported by the reports of actual cases, an English investigator urges the expediency of securing food-plant improvement by availing ourselves of the variations in plants, and by means of the principle of inheritance perpetuate, increase, and accumulate year by year the original variation in the desired direction. This is a hint to farmers of great importance. For how vast is this field compared with that presented by the food-producing animals, for while animals supply food for man alone, and for him only in part, plants may be said almost wholly to support both them and man. Further, this direction of human effort includes not only the plants destined for food and clothing, but also every kind of vegetation which contributes to the welfare and happiness of mankind.

—

IN a large establishment in New York, where a great number of girls are employed at low wages, they stop work, by order of their employers, on Saturday afternoon, an hour earlier than the usual time. They are not paid for this hour, and if they should happen to be ten or fifteen minutes late each morning, the whole is counted up at the end of the week, and the hour or more is deducted from the hard-earned wages. A Chicago manufacturer turns small accidents in his factory to profitable account. When a work-girl breaks a needle or whalebone costing less than a quarter of a cent he fines her five cents; for breaking a two-cent bobbin, ten cents; for a drop of oil on the floor or work, twenty cents; and various sums for tardiness and other misdemeanors, so that the production must be considerably lessened by the system.

—

IT is only thirty-four years ago since the first postage stamp was used in this country. Prior to 1847 postage was charged by the mile, and the postman received the price of the letter on delivering it to the person to whom it was addressed. For instance, in 1790 a letter was carried from Savannah to New York for 36¾ cents, and from Boston to New York for about 17 cents. Between the two points last mentioned the mails were carried on horseback, and the time occupied in going from one point to the other was three days in winter, and two days in summer. In King James' time the rates of postage in Great Britain were 2d for a letter for a distance less than 80 miles, 4d up to 140 miles, and 6d for any longer distance in England, and 8d to any place in Scotland. Our stamps were issued on the 1st of July, 1847, in denominations of 5 and 10 cents only. In July, 1851, a new series was adopted, consisting of 1, 3, 5, 10, 12, 24, 30, and 90 cents. These continued in use till 1861, when another series of the same denomination as the foregoing, but of different designs and colors, was adopted. The 2 cent stamp was first used on the 1st of July, 1863, to accommodate the local rate of postage. In the month of March, 1869, the 6 cent stamp was substituted for the 5 cent one; but the change was not considered a wise one, so that in May, 1870, the following series was adopted: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, 30, and 90 cents.

—

ENGINEERING skill has not yet succeeded in utilizing as motive powers the vast forces represented by the ebb and flow of the tides and the action of sea-waves. Various attempts to accomplish this have, however, been made, and two recent schemes have been lately described. In one plan proposed, a large bell moves up and down in a stone enclosure, and is connected with a large float in the sea. The rising and falling of this bell is used to force air into a chamber, and this compressed air may be employed to drive machinery. In a scheme adopted in Germany there is fixed along a sea-wall a sort of air trap—a metallic case, open below, now in air, now water, as the waves beat upon it. At the top this communicates through valves and pipes with a reservoir in which the air is compressed, and the force thus supplied may be directly utilized for many purposes.

—

THAT the want of sedentary men is air rather than exercise, that the evil is not done to the constitution so much by sitting as by sitting in stuffy rooms, and that an hour a day in a garden would benefit them quite as much as a severe country walk. Certainly, that is true of nervous strength, upon which so much of the happiness of life depends. An hour passed in strolling in the open air—slowly strolling, or even sitting, will repair mental fatigue better than an hour's strong exercise; while an hour of close mental application in a stuffy, overheated room, perhaps full of the fumes of gas, will "take it out of you" more than a whole day of the same strenuous work in a room with open windows or with free ventilation, or so large that the air is not perceptibly affected by those who breathe it. Newton, calculating in a garden, suffers from calculating almost as little as if he did not calculate.

—

IT is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with. Adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further, and visit the homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a cheerful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil of self denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will co-operate cheerfully with him, in so arranging your expenses that his mind will not be constantly harassed lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments.

—

IN what is known as the "hot-water treatment of sunstroke," lay the patient on his back; loosen the clothing, so as to encourage a free flow of blood; expose the chest, especially over the region of the heart, and with a large cloth, towel or sponge, freely bathe the head, face, neck and chest with hot salt water—as hot as can be handled, continually adding more hot water, and applying it until the patient is soft. Use one tablespoonful of salt to every quart of hot water. Have the feet made bare and rubbed or slapped, and in extreme cases apply mustard poultices. Give internally, if a temperate man, a tablespoonful of whisky in hot water; if soon after a meal, put a tablespoonful of yellow mustard into a glass of warm water, and have the patient drink it off, following up with more until he vomits freely. As he convalesces, give at the first lime-water and milk (one-fourth lime-water and three-fourths milk), afterward a liquid diet until the stomach is strong enough for solids.

THE OLD LETTER.

BY C. J.

Crouching over the fire with wan cheek and whitened hair,
And sad sunk eyes, on the embers fixed with a dull, unseeing stare;
Crouching over the fire, the woman, white and old,
With the flickering flame on the letter torn trembles in her hold.

Outside the sleet beats fast and thick on the uncurtained pane,
The wind sobs round the lonely house, as it sweeps the snow-clad plain;
Inside, the ghosts of joy, and hope, and fearless of household mirth
Flit and whisper round the woman who sits beside the hearth.

Yet the magic spell of the letter has sent her fancies back,
Flying fast past all the graves that mark the past's long track—
Flying past change and sorrow, flying past wrong and ruth,
Till the heart beats fast, and the pulses thrill, to the passionate glow of youth.

Ah, duller still her life will show, harder the task-work seem,
For that weak hour by fancy snatched for memory's golden dream!
Put by the letter, let it share thy slow and sure decay;
Patient and meek take up again the burden of the day.

Pretty, but Poor.

BY C. I. K.

WE'VE got just the jolliest teacher, cousin Tena, and she boards here. She ain't flogged me once, and school's been keeping two months. I like her awfully, and so will you, for Harry does, and says he never saw another such pretty girl, and he's almost always with her when she ain't to school, or if he ain't it's not because he's to blame."

The deliverer of this expressive, though not very grammatical speech, Willie Winter, ran off to have a romp with his dog, leaving his cousin Tena Trent, who had arrived at Cedarville only about three hours before, and his brother Harry, standing upon the broad piazza, upon the east side of his father's fine residence.

Tena looked at Harry, and for a moment she thought he was going to be guilty of the crime of being confused because of a childish speech, and made a note in her mental memoranda, that her cousin Harry did like the maid of the school-room, and for this reason she should not like her, in as much as she intended that Harry should bow at the shrine of her beauty, exclusively.

"Who is the wonder, and what is she like?"

"Her name is Miss Lutie Bently, and—well for the rest I think you will have to wait until half past four this afternoon, when you will probably have the privilege, or if that taxes your patience, I believe Willie can draw a better word picture than I can."

She did not care to have Willie's opinion further than she already had it, and so concluded to wait, but when they met, she felt chagrined to find that the lady whom she had expected was rather pretty, but stiff and bashful, was in reality beautiful, graceful, and fully as much at ease as herself.

She could not help seeing, nor being vexed, that, although she could not complain of Harry's manner toward her, he seemed more vivacious and anxious to please when Lutie was present.

For the two weeks succeeding the advent of Tena into the Winter family, Harry tried, persistently, to obtain an opportunity to see Lutie alone, but failed, every *tete-a-tete* being nipped in the bud by his cousin, and at the end of that time business demanded that he go to the city, but he resolved to see, and talk to Lutie, without the unwelcome presence of a third party.

Accordingly one evening he proclaimed his intention of starting early the next morning, before any of them would be astir, and bidding them all good-night, retired early.

The next morning he was up in good season, and taking the valise, which he had packed the night before, he noiselessly left the house, and walked slowly in the direction of the depot.

Arriving at the station, he found, as he expected, that the early train had been gone a quarter of an hour.

Instead of returning home, he whiled away the time as best he could, until eight o'clock, when he started along a cool shady path expecting to intercept Lutie on her way to school.

He had begun to think that he had made a fool of himself, and that the lady whom he so much wished to see, had taken some other route to the school-house, when he saw her coming toward him, looking so cool and pretty in her white muslin dress and broad-rimmed hat.

She greeted him with a bright smile.

"You were too late for the train, were you? I hope the delay will have no serious results."

"I hope not. I missed the train purposely. Miss Bently—Lutie can you not guess why?"

Lutie's cheeks rivaled the hue of the rose, as he looked so earnestly at her, and drew her to a rustic seat, which had been constructed by the wayside.

"I wanted to see you, to be alone with you once more. I have something to say, which is for your ears alone, and, upon the manner in which you receive it, hangs my life's happiness or misery."

She looked shyly up at him.

How could she make or mar the happiness of one so noble, so masterful, so handsome.

"Oh, Lutie! how can I find words to tell of the great love——"

The passionate words of love which were trembling on his lips were checked as there was a rustle behind.

"Why, cousin Harry! I supposed you were many miles on your way to New York city, and here I find you and Miss Bently comfortably ensconced in the shade, chatting merrily."

"I concluded not to go by the early train."

"Why didn't you come back to breakfast, then? It is awfully dull without you."

"Thank you. I did not wish to come back. I am going by the next train," he said.

"Capital! Miss Bently let us walk down to the depot and see him off. Lucky I came in this direction with my sketch book, wasn't it?"

Harry thought it was very unfortunate indeed, though he was not impolite enough to express his thoughts in words, however disappointed he might look.

"Pray excuse me, duty calls me in another direction."

Lutie went in the direction of the school-house, while Harry, notwithstanding his scheming, was forced to accept his cousin Tena's companionship during the time which must elapse ere a train going city-ward was due.

Harry seemed gloomy, and there was just a suspicion of a frown upon his handsome countenance.

"Harry please don't look so disappointed. I will tell you something that will make you thankful that I wandered in the direction I did.

"Forgive me, but I heard, without intending to, what you were saying to Miss Bently as I came up to you, and knew what would follow.

"Knowing that your declaration would make you both unhappy, I interrupted you.

"Had you offered her your hand in marriage, she would have refused it, for she is already promised to Ebner Nicholls."

"Tena! do you know this?"

She was thoroughly frightened, his face had grown in an instant so deathly pale, and the look of intense pain which came over his features, reproached her.

"Know it! of course I do.

"Had it been mere rumor I should not have told you, and thus mar your happiness, I who would rather see you happy than be happy myself.

"If you could have seen her when she told me, she looked so ridiculously shy and happy, you would have known that she was too much of a child to mate with one like you, and would have been content."

"Call her child if you will, I belive her innocent and pure as one, I love her with all the passion of which my nature is capable.

"Look at me and judge whether it is a great or small amount.

"But if refusing me would have caused one pang, I thank you for saving me from causing the pain."

Tena almost repented what she had done, and felt inclined to tell him she had been jesting, when, she knew how much he really cared.

"But no, I will not do it. I hate her, and will yet win even his love from her," she mused, as he bade her a hurried adieu, and took his place in one of the coaches which was to take him away from the woman he loved, and the woman who loved him.

Lutie Bently had dismissed her pupils, and it had been some time since the last little urchin, who had lingered behind the others to get the last kiss, and have her sunbonnet tied, had disappeared in the direction of home, but still she sat in the pleasant school-room, her round rosy cheek resting in her fair hand, a look of happiness and contentment upon her face.

Why should she not rejoice, when the noblest, best of men had that morning almost the same as told her that he loved her?

Her happy reverie was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Trent.

"It is so horribly dull at uncle's when Harry is away, that I could not forbear coming to find you. You don't look a bit lonesome."

"I am not often troubled with lonesomeness, if pleasant companions are scarce, pleasant thoughts are plenty. Shall we go now?"

"Yes, let us get out of this close coop, as Harry would call it."

"In that you are mistaken, for it was not long ago that he remarked that it was a very pretty pleasant room."

"He said that to please yo

"Harry is a sad flirt.

"Really I had to laugh this morning when he told me what he was saying to you as I came up, and imitated your earnest trusting look."

"Did he do that?"

"Yes he did, and said he really believed you thought he missed the train purposely, that he might see you."

Poor Lutie, she felt as if the trees and bushes were all whirling around her, and that the ground was slipping from under her feet.

The cause of her happiness of a few moments ago, had been suddenly taken away.

Harry's words had then meant nothing, he was only making sport of her.

Summoning pride to her aid, she was able to appear unconcerned as her companion talked gaily on.

"I told him he shouldn't deceive you so.

"He wouldn't listen to me, and said it was fun to make love to such a pretty girl as you, and that it was well enough to flirt with pretty girls even if they were so poor that it could amount to nothing more."

Lutie forced herself to make some trivial remark, though her face was of a death-like hue, and her limbs seemed incapable of supporting her, so weak had they become.

But her torturer had not finished.

"What a grand old place uncle Winter's villa is. What a pity it should have no other mistress than uncle's sister Lulu. I should like it if there was a bay window in that east wing, and Harry says it will be as I wish when I am mistress here."

As they reached the hall Lutie escaped to her room, glad to be alone, that she might hide from curious eyes her torn and bleeding heart, which was left after the shattering of her idol.

When summoned to tea, her first impulse was to send down word that she had a headache, and would not come down, but reconsidering, she thought that her non-appearance would only attract attention in her direction.

She hastily made her toilet and descended to the dining-room, where she seemed so gay and lively, that she almost forced Tena to believe that she did not care.

At the end of three weeks Harry returned, having finished the business that called him away.

He was pained to see that Lutie avoided him in every possible way, and attributed it to a fear, on her part, of a repetition of the scene, which had been interrupted by Tena on the morning that he went away.

A picnic had been planned for the ensuing Saturday, and the party was to go to a pretty island situated in the bay, about half a mile from the shore where stood Mr. Winter's mansion.

The morning dawned, bright and fair, and by nine o'clock boats of all descriptions, large and small, were on their way to the island.

Harry was to row Lutie and Tena to the island, and Tena had adroitly managed to have Ebner Nicholls, a silly brainless popinjay, accompany them, and caused Harry to think it was at Lutie's request.

At twelve lunch, was served, and after this gay parties started in all directions, to find the interesting points of the island.

"Miss Bently will you go to Chimney rock?"

It was Harry who asked the question, his voice low and pleading.

Lutie hesitated, but then she thought of the fact she was "pretty, but poor."

She tossed her head slightly.

"I promised Mr. Nicholls that I would accompany him to the Tower, and I see quite a number are going that way, so I think we will go now."

Harry turned sadly away, thinking that he would try to be satisfied if she would only regard him as a friend; but she fairly seemed to hate him.

He did not see her again, until a black, threatening cloud in the west, drove all to where the boats were moored.

He handed the ladies in without a word and took his place at the oar, Nicholls bearing him company.

They were the last to leave the island.

Before they had traversed one half the distance between the island and the mainland, the wind was blowing a perfect gale.

"Lutie! be careful!"

Harry's warning had come too late, the boat gave a fearful lurch and Lutie was precipitated into the water, which was already lashed into foam by the rising wind.

Before his companions could know his intention he had thrown off his coat and leaped into the water.

Lutie came to the surface some distance from the boat, but before he could reach her she sank the second time.

He dove, and to his great joy he was enabled to bring her to the surface.

He made the discovery he was nearer the island than the boat, therefore, with his precious, unconscious burden, he swam toward it.

After reaching dry land, he used every means in his power to resuscitate the girl, to save whom, he had risked his life, and was at last rewarded by the accomplishment of his object.

"What has happened?

"Oh, I know, I fell overboard, and you have saved my life.

"Why did you risk your life to save mine?"

"Why should I not risk my life to save the woman whom I love best of all!" he said passionately.

"Sir! would you insult me, and at such a time as this?"

"I was not aware that the love of an honest, honorable man, could be considered an insult!"

"You are neither!"

"Miss Bently!"

Harry grew deathly pale, even to his lips.

"Is it honest love, when you have said of the object, 'she is pretty but too poor to have my attentions mean more than a simple flirtation.'"

"But I never said that of you," Harry said.

"Lutie, who has been telling you such lies?"

"To prevent a repetition of this scene I will tell you how I learned the truth," she said.

She then told him what Tena had told her.

"And you believed her! Oh! Lutie, how could you!"

"I know she spoke the truth, for if you had not told her, how could she have known that you told me that you missed the train purposely?"

"Eavesdroppers learn a good deal," he said.

Harry then told Lutie what had passed between himself and cousin, during the walk to the station.

Mutual explanations set things straight, and an hour later, a boat was brought alongside the island by men who had seen the bonfire, which Harry had succeeded in kindling.

Tena's heart misgave her when she saw the happy countenances of Harry and Lutie, and knew that her plans had come to naught.

Harry's eyes twinkled merrily as he introduced Lutie to her as his affianced bride.

The next day Tena announced that she had received a letter from her mother, who desired her to come home immediately.

She went, and Harry and Lutie, and in fact the whole Winter family, are as happy as mortals came expect to become.

His Courage.

BY A. P. THATCHER.

AS Elsie looked at them both from between her half-closed white lids, she was deciding that although of the two Hugh Raynor was the handsomer, he was also the more effeminate, and she never had been able to disassociate effeminacy of appearance with weakness and lack of bravery.

He certainly was handsome as a man could wish to be, with a fair refined face, and bright honest blue eyes, that did one good to look into.

He wore his blonde hair cut short, and it was loosely curling, and his heavy moustache was drooping, and darker than his hair.

A decidedly handsome fellow, about as tall as the average man; but somehow Elsie could not separate the two ideas, one from another—that because Raynor was fair and gentle he was not a hero.

And because John Granville was six feet two, and modeled like a Hercules, and had the blackest hair, and eyes, and beard, she had ever seen, Elsie argued that all courage and bravery, and strength were his in full perfection.

Elsie herself was a proud, dainty, imperious little piece of femininity, who never in her life had displayed an atom of courage, and who therefore adored it in every one else—particularly in the sterner sex—and who had very particularly wondered if Hugh Raynor was a coward when she saw and so greatly admired his fair, blonde beauty.

She sat back in a rustic rocker now, the folds of her dress lying in white billows on the floor, her pretty hands flirting with the fan, whose white feather-edge swayed in the stiff sea breeze, her little dark head resting lazily against the back of her chair, and her bright questioning face set full towards the two gentlemen who were talking to little May Barry.

Suddenly Mr. Granville laughed, and turned towards Elsie.

"Do you agree with me, Miss Martin? Little May here says I am just too mean for anything, because I won't take her boating, and I say I am just as wise as I can be."

He came across the large hotel parlor, almost like a demi-god in his strength and magnificent physique—a man on whom a woman could depend, and surely, surely feel that her support was rest itself.

Elsie smiled up in his handsome eyes.

"Why shouldn't I agree with you, Mr. Granville? But I do think, if I were you, I'd take May out in the yacht. She has been coaxing to go for a week or so, and I don't think it would frighten her to be launched in the surf-boat. Do you think so, Mr. Raynor?"

For Raynor had come sauntering in, easy, lazy, his blue eyes shining, his fair face full of the admiration he could never repress when he saw Elsie Martin.

"What is that, please, Miss Martin?"

"Would May be terrified if she ventured out to the yacht in the surf-boat, do you think?"

Raynor suddenly looked grave.

"I certainly think she would. The sensation is extremely unpleasant even to one quite well accustomed to the motion. By all means, do not advise the child to go."

Then Granville laughed as he sat down on the piano-stool, and turned himself towards them.

"You'll never have the courage to win a wife, I'm afraid, Hugh. The idea of a little thing like jumping the surf being allowed to stand in the way of a child's enjoying herself for a half day. Hugh, you're altogether too soft-hearted."

"If you choose to call it so—yes," Raynor said good-humoredly. "Certainly I don't like to see a child frightened, and I know that older people than May have wished themselves out of the surf-boat before they reached at anchor."

Elsie opened her blue eyes in well-feigned astonishment.

"Is it so awful? Really I wouldn't let my little niece go for all the world then, for I am a great coward myself. I despise cowardice in other people though—in men particularly."

He flushed, and Granville threw back his handsome head and laughed.

"Good for you, Miss Martin. Hugh is a baby, just as sure as fate. Confess now, my son, you don't quite like to go out in the surf-boat yourself."

Elsie's lips were curled the least bit as she looked at Raynor.

He colored more deeply, but his answer was frank and honest.

"I do not like to go out in the surf-boat, and from my own experience, I judge your little niece will not like it as well as she thinks. It is a nerve-trying ordeal."

"I think—I hope May will not care. I will use my influence with you, Mr. Granville, to take her. I should be sorry to have her grow up continually afraid of every little pleasure."

Granville's eyes gleamed.

He had "got a rise" out of Raynor if ever anybody had, and for the first time in the three weeks of acquaintance at the Ocean House, he realized that he was one step ahead in the race between them for pretty little Elsie Martin's favor.

While the little princess' blue eyes showed decided contempt in them as she flashed a look at the man she had feared from the first was not a hero.

Then she bestowed her sweetest smile on Granville.

"Will you take her, please, the next time the boat goes to the yacht?

"May darling, you are going after all, and with Mr. Granville."

"He is not so mean after all, is he?"

And Hugh Raynor knew he was out of favor with the impulsive little beauty.

Two hour afterwards, little May crept up in her auntie's room, and laid her pale face on the book Elsie was reading.

"I don't ever want to go out in that awful boat again," she sobbed.

"It went way, way up, and way, way down every minute, and I was so frightened and dreiful sick, auntie Elsie, and—and —"

And the little frame quivered and shook with cruel sobs.

"Mr. Granville, he just laughed, and laughed, and told me to be still, and I couldn't be still at all; and his eyes looked awfully cross to me, auntie, and I'm so glad I'm home."

And somehow, as Elsie took the little thing in her arms and hushed her, she wondered was it bravery in John Granville to drag a little child, in its ignorance, to a place where its fears overcame it, and then to be cross and matter of fact with it?

And somehow, she also wondered, would Hugh Raynor have sent the little one home in such dismay?

Not that John Granville would not have been politic and wary for Elsie's own sake, but because the instincts of his nature showed themselves.

* * * * * *

Almost midnight of a summer night, when the damp terrible fog hung thick over land and sea, and the passengers on board the steamer "Narragansett" were terrified from their sleep into an awakening, whose horror exceeded their wildest imagination to learn that the "Stonington" had run into them, and that they were not only in danger of going down, but of being burned or roasted alive.

Elsie Martin had just retired to her state-room after a merry little romp with May, and a pleasant promenade with John Granville—a chance meeting in the grand saloon of the "Narragansett," equally to their delight and satisfaction—when the shriek of alarm, the clangor of fog-whistles, the hurrying to and fro of the boat hands, frightened her, and she rushed out of her state-room—one of dozens, scores of white-faced pallid-lipped women, who had come so awfully face to face with a terrible death.

She stood stone still, her lovely face paler than ever it would be when friends took their last look—if ever that threatening death yielded her up to them—her hands clasped in horror and bewilderment, while a tongue of flame hissed past her, followed by a total, sudden, appalling darkness and the cold rush of the cruel water around her.

And then there was a panic-stricken rush for the boats, where maddened men struck one another down, and women trampled on women, and children shrieked and clung to despairing, distracted mothers.

What should she do? what could she do?

Little May asleep—all innocent of the awful peril, and the boat burning, sinking.

Great Heaven! what should she do?

And the blessed thought of John Granville came like a blessing to her—John Granville who had looked in her eyes not an hour before, and held her hand in such a warm, friendly clasp at their good night parting.

And as if a fate that was not to be thwarted was in it, at that instant when fear and dread were most riotous, John Granville rushed past her—tall, strong, a very tower of safety he seemed—only he did not see her.

How could he have seen her with only the light from the flames to tell him?

She called him in piercing tones—

"Mr. Granville! Mr. Granville! for Heaven's sake, come back and save May and me!"

He dashed on, never pausing, but turning his handsome face, white as Elsie's own.

Their eyes met, and she knew he had abandoned her to the death that awaited.

With a little dazed prayer, Elsie turned back to the state-room, and mechanically looked at the child yet sleeping.

"Shall I awaken her?" she thought, as she felt the hot breath of the flames fan her cheek, and the cold rush of the waters about her limbs.

Then a voice high as a bugle-call, loud, clear, resolute as fate itself—

"Stand back there, you accursed cowards!

"Save the women and children first.

"Not a man gets in that boat while a woman or a child remains unsaved!

"Back! or by the Heaven above I'll put a bullet through the first coward that takes to the boat!"

And in that weird dancing red light, Elsie saw Hugh Raynor, pistol in hand, fighting back the madmen who would have stamped over women's bodies and stepped on children's delicate necks, to have swamped the lifeboats the "Stonington" had sent out.

Elsie Martin's heart almost ceased to beat in that one second her eyes met Raynor's.

Then he sprang forward, while other heroes, led by his own bold stand, were doing noble duty.

"Come at once, for Heaven sake! I will save you!"

She clung pitifully to him.

"May—in there!"

He dashed open the door, and picked up the child, her bare limbs all white and dainty, her golden hair floating, and then seized Elsie by the arm.

"I will save you—Heaven willing! Come—this way!"

And by sheer force he half dragged, half carried his precious burden through smoke and darkness, and rising waters, and got them into the lifeboat.

* * * * * *

An hour later he looked up into Elsie's white face, as she bent over him, lying on a rude bed, weak and exhausted.

"Tell me, you don't think I am a coward, Miss Martin?"

And with the tears streaming down her cheeks, Elsie kissed his hurt, bleeding hands.

"You are the noblest, bravest man Heaven ever let live."

And not long afterwards she told him that he was the dearest in the world to her: and when John Granville heard of her marriage to Hugh Raynor he knew that Elsie had found her hero.

The Widow's Plot.

BY LEAH NORRIS.

NO," said Mr. Murray, in the lugubrious, minor tone to which he had accustomed himself until he had almost forgotten that he had any other. "I'm not very well, I never am very well, you know, Sister Sarah. In fact, I never expect to be very well."

Sister Sarah, a plump, cheerful little widow, with bright brown hair, eyes to match, and a dimple in either cheek, looked bewildered.

"I'm very sorry," said she.

"All this is quite new to me, Brother Matthew.

"I had always supposed that you were in the enjoyment of excellent health."

Mr. Murray shook his head in a pensive, oscillatory way, which was very impressive.

"Is it anything chronic?" asked Mrs. Hayward, which was the name by which the world in general knew Sister Sarah.

"It's a general giving way of the whole system," said the invalid.

"Dr. Dilmann says he never saw so peculiar and unprecedented a case."

"But," meekly interposed Mrs. Murray, who was a pretty young woman, many years her husband's junior, "Doctor Monroe says that people may, to a great degree, control their ailments: and it does seem to me that Matthew is disposed to take a gloomy view of his troubles, because —"

"My dear Ethel, you know nothing about it," said her husband, with an energy, which, considering the low ebb of his physical forces, seemed almost supernatural—"nothing at all about it! And Monroe, although I do not deny that he is a good physician, is too apt to advance startling theories.

"It's the fault of young practioners."

"But what is your complaint, Matthew?" said puzzled Mrs. Hayward.

"It's the heart, they tell me," said Mr. Murray, sighing: "the great head-centre of the system, you know.

"And the circulation of the blood seems defective, and altogether things are deranged generally!"

"Oh dear, dear!" said Mrs. Hayward, her round visage gradually lengthening.

"This is very bad—very bad, indeed!"

"I may live for a year," said Mr. Murray, closing his eyes and feeling instinctively for the camphor bottle, "or I may be summoned to a brighter and better world in a month.

"Or,"—with visible enjoyment of the sensation he was producing—"I may drop down at your feet this next minute."

Mrs. Murray's pretty little rosebud of a face became full of troubled uncertainty.

"Matthew," said she, "I wish you would not talk in that way."

"My dear Ethel, how can I help it?" said Mr. Murray.

"I am under a doom, and life seems receding from me."

"But you must not let it recede."

"Ethel," spoke the husband, "this is at once irreverent and cruel!

"Pray do not rack my nerves with any further discussion; and, Ethel—"

"Well, dear," said Ethel, with tears in her eyes.

"What has your cook prepared for the evening meal?

"Of course, I have no appetite—none whatever; but if there should be any trifles which might tempt me—"

"Broiled quails, on toast, my dear," said Ethel.

"I thought as Sister Sarah had just arrived from a journey, she might want something more substantial than a cup of tea."

But the invalid shook his head.

"I couldn't touch a morsel of quail," said he.

"Sweetbreads, dear?"

"Don't mention them!" with a gesture of disgust.

"And cream buscuits, with honey in the comb, and a little quince marmalade!" added Mrs. Murray, her wistful eyes fixed on her husband's face.

"All of them would be rank poison to a person of my precarious digestive powers," said Mr. Murray.

"It is very strange, Ethel, that that cook of yours displays so little discrimination."

"Couldn't I order something to be cooked for you, Matthew?" said the young wife, meekly.

"I'm sure," said Mr. Murray, "no one could ever comprehend how impossible it is to make a woman understand that the appetite needs to be surprised.

"The idea of asking me to dictate my own supper."

"But you see, dear we don't know."

"Some people never know," said Mr. Murray, petulantly.

"Well, tell your woman if she can stew a few oysters to a turn, and make me a cup of black coffee, with a little dry toast, and just a chip of broiled ham, and an egg or so, fried, I might possibly find myself able to eat a little."

So Mr. Murray's supper went up to him, and came down a beggarly array of empty plates.

"Poor dear," said his wife, "he has such an appetite for an invalid."

"It's my honest belief, ma'am, and Mrs. Hayward's," said the cook, "as master ain't a grain sicker than you and I be. It's all his notions."

"Jane," said Mrs. Murray, "you must not talk so."

But when the cook had retired, Mrs. Hayward cried out—

"Ethel, the woman is right."

"Eh?"

"He isn't sick!" declared Mrs. Hayward.

"But Doctor Dilmann asserts that he is."

"Ah, but you see, Doctor Dilmann visits him every day, at three dollars a visit," said Mrs. Hayward. "What does Doctor Munroe say?"

"Doctors will disagree sometimes," acknowledged poor Miss Murray, who had been blown about by the divers and sundry winds of differing argument that she scarcely know what to believe.

"It's a mere matter of habit," said Mrs. Hayward.

"If I was to count my pulse, and number my heart-beats, I could frighten myself out of the world in about six months."

"You really don't believe, Sarah—"

"I know I could cure him," said the widow.

"But you never studied medicine, dear?"

"Not exactly the pharmacopœia," said Mrs. Hayward shrewdly; "but I am the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, you remember, Ethel, and I know a thing or two if I can't write 'M. D.' after my name.

"If you'll give the case into my hands —"

"Well," said Mr. Murray, "I will: so go on and do your worst—or best."

So the pleasant autumnal weeks went by, and Mr. Murray took evident satisfaction in growing feebler with every day.

"How do you feel this evening, Matthew?" said his sister, tiptoeing into the darkened room, where Dr. Dilmann had loaded the little table with pills and potions, and systematically shut out every breath of fresh outer air as if it were poison.

"Poorly," said Mr. Murry, "poorly! These little catching obstructions in the regions of the epigastrium are—"

"Perhaps you've eaten too much dinner?" suggested Mrs. Hayward.

"Too much dinner indeed!" echoed Mr. Murray.

"I, that have only the appetite of a sparrow? Where is Ethel?" he added fretfully.

"It seems to me as if I never say anything of Ethel now."

"She has gone out for a little drive with Doctor Munroe," said the widow.

"Eh?" said Mr. Murray. "She was sitting with Doctor Dilmann last night, wasn't she?"

"Well—yes—I—"

"And they were visiting the Egyptian Obelisk together the day before?"

"I was of the party," said Mrs. Hayward.

"I think she may as well go off with Doctor Munroe altogether," said the invalid petulantly.

"Oh, do you really think so Matthew?" cried Mrs. Hayward.

"It will be such a relief to all parties if we can be quite sure that that is your real opinion!"

"Eh?" again uttered the invalid.

"Because," added Mrs. Hayward, "you have warned us yourself that you have but a few weeks to live; and Ethel is still young and attractive, and Doctor Munroe's practice is improving. So he proposed yesterday and was accepted, and your sympathy is all that—"

"What!" cried Mr. Murray, jumping up with an energy that sent the medicine phials and glasses tinkling in all directions. "My wife—"

"Almost your widow, Matthew," interpolated Mrs. Hayward, theatrically.

"Planning already for a second marriage after I am dead.

"But I'll thwart their fine arrangements," he cried.

"Send for Dilmann at once.

"Ask him what he means by keeping me on this low diet.

"Does he take me for an old woman? or a sick girl?

"I'll let him know that I am not to be trifled with.

"Doctor Munroe indeed!"

Apparently that night was the turning point of Mr. Murray's disease, whatever the latter might be.

He improved with a rapidity which was well-nigh marvellous—he flung his physic to the dogs, and assumed the daily cares of business once more.

But he was resolutely frigid to his wife.

"Dear Matthew," said Ethel to him one day, "do, please, tell me how I have offended you?"

"Woman," he said, "you have been as false as you are fair."

"Matthew!"

"And engaged yourself to Doctor Munroe."

"Never!" cried Mrs. Murray.

"Sarah said so," asserted the husband.

"She never could have told such an outrageous falsehood," said Mrs. Murray, bursting into tears.

"I never did," said the widow.

"I said that Doctor Monroe had proposed.

"But I might have neglected to add that it was to me he proposed, not to Ethel.

"And we are to be married in the spring."

Mr. Murray's pale despairing face grew bright as a May morning—he flung wide open his arms.

"My own true wife!" cried he.

And the next moment Ethel was laughing and crying on his breast.

But it passed for a slight misunderstanding.

Nobody ever told him that the widow Hayward had planned the little *ruse* which had so effectually aroused him from his growing delusion.

THE EYE OF THE BLIND.—John Metcalf was a native of the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, born in the year 1717, only a few miles from Harrowgate. He lost his sight from the effect of the measles, when four years old, and very shortly became totally blind—utterly unconscious of light! His first efforts towards sustaining himself were made upon the violin. He became an expert performer on the instrument when a mere boy, and for many years attended as a musician at the "Queen's Head," in High Harrowgate. At the age of five-and-twenty he had saved money enough with which to purchase a wheeled carriage and horses, for the conveying of people to and from places of public amusement. A few years later he sold his horses, and enlisted as a musician in Colonel Thornton's Volunteers, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. He was soon released, however, and returned to Knaresborough, where he was born, and commenced the business of a common carrier between that town and York, a distance of sixteen miles; and while thus engaged he served as guide at night through intricate passes, or when the tracks were covered with snow. As might be expected, strangers often hesitated about placing themselves under the guidance of a man so utterly blind that even the glare of the sunlight upon the snow was not perceptible to him; but he never failed them. Over the trackless waste he would conduct the traveler, where, as far as the eye could reach, only a sheet of unbroken or unmarked snow lay upon the earth, and he never went wrong, never hesitated. But, more than this; when at the age of forty, he could follow the chase as well and as keenly as the rest. He had his own hounds and his own horses, and he could follow those hounds as surely as the keenest-sighted man in the county. Later in life, but in his prime, he was engaged in a business which it would seem impossible that a blind man could follow. But, incredible as it may appear, it was nevertheless so. The business was that of projecting and contracting for the making of high roads; building bridges and houses, and other works of like character. John Metcalf was on a visit to his native place in the year 1788, being then seventy-one years of age—healthy, rugged, and strong. He had come from Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, where he had just finished the building of a piece of road, and the construction of a splendid bridge.

LITTLE SPATS.—Life is made up of trifles. Its details are the sum total and regulators of human existence. Yet men and women persist in making themselves miserable by neglecting these details. How often does one hear of what are known as "little spats." These do more mischief, wreck more homes, and lead to more divorces than graver conflicts. Indeed, the latter are always preceded by "little spats" between man and wife. They are drops that wear away the corner stone of happiness, and should be avoided as much as possible. The saying "take care of the little things and the big things will take care of themselves" is true. M. S.

A NEW departure in the treatment of chronic diseases has been made. Send to STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and learn all about it. Mailed free.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time.

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should *insist* on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promise VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.

2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"

3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse water, without using any more Soap, and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for the Soap takes the place of blueing—stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *After rinsing the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

FOOLISH CHUCK.

BY PIPKIN

CERTAINLY the ducks did look very comfortable when they swam about in their little lake.

There is no denying that.

A duck swimming has a plump, contented appearance, an air of easy satisfaction, as if it desires nothing beyond what it has and is.

But are ducks the only happy creatures? Look at a bird taking its flight from the top of a tree into the very sky over our heads, or see it even alighting on the earth and hopping about with quaint and airy grace, and then watch the ridiculous waddling of a duck on dry ground or its lumbering, blundering attempts at using its wings, and then tell me whether there is any reason why a bird should envy a duck, or become discontented with its lot.

Yet such was the case, and not only the bird but a whole family of birds was rendered miserable, because they saw a number of ducks every day swimming about in the water, and they knew that they could not do it themselves.

And yet they were charming little finches that could fly, and hop, and sing, while the ducks they envied could only swim, and waddle, and quack.

I believe myself that envy is almost always extremely foolish as well as wrong, and that generally we are most discontented when we have least reason to be so.

I am sure that was the case with these finches, named Mr. and Mrs. Finch, and three little ones, Chirp and Chirrup, and Chuck; and to make the story short, all these birds [illegible] found themselves made [illegible] sight that they went to watch the ducks swimming about on the pond, till they dipped their wings in impotent wrath, and heartily despised them and all their works.

So Chirp and Chirrup and Chuck put their [illegible] together, saying sadly to each other, "What shall we do? what is the use of anything if we can't swim?"

"It is all nonsense," cried Chuck suddenly, who had a strong will of his own, and was very conceited.

"I don't believe a word of it.

"Of course we could swim if we tried. It's sheer timidity and nothing else prevents us [illegible] just the want of habit—look at those absurd little struggling ducklings. Do you believe they can do anything we can't?

"Can they fly? Can they hop? and if they can neither fly nor hop, why should they be able to swim?

"At least what I mean is, why should not we be able to swim, who can fly and hop if they were not?

"And I'll tell you what," Chuck continued, "what I propose is that we speak to father and mother, and as soon as we have watched those selfish ducks, who go sailing about over the pond as if it belonged to them—as soon, I say, as we have watched them waddle up in that ridiculous way of theirs to their nest among the reeds and grasses—I propose that we go as a family, take possession of the place, and swim."

Chirp and Chirrup hopped up and down in the greatest excitement, and were quite carried away by this.

They [illegible] about in the utmost glee, and suggested [illegible] with their clear [illegible] throw [illegible] to the [illegible] parents were sitting, [illegible] Mr. Finch singing loudly, and Mrs. Finch [illegible] to his song with much admiration and pleasure.

They looked affectionately at their excited brood, but when the three young ones began to [illegible] Mrs. Finch shook her head and [illegible] and Mr. Finch stood [illegible] their [illegible]

However, they [illegible] about Chuck's proposal, [illegible] with [illegible] probation.

"It really never struck me in that light before," Mr. Finch remarked, putting his head on one side with an air of wisdom. "Of course we can swim."

He said this with so much decision that his wife quite believed it.

"Of course we can," said she proudly.

"And why shouldn't we," cried the little finches as fast as possible one after the other.

"It's all the ducks' fault, you see," Mr. Finch said; "they sail about as if nobody could swim but themselves, till one quite believes it.

"Just fancy their feelings when they find us doing it!" cried Chuck; on which all the finches laughed till their feathers shook.

Then Mrs. Finch said, "Let us go and fly about near the pond and perch among the leaves of the willows there so as not to show ourselves too plainly, lest the ducks should guess our intentions, and do something to thwart them."

Without further loss of time the birds flew off, full of great expectations, to the pond, and fluttered about among the branches of the trees that overhung it.

The oldest of the ducks was quite a patriarch among the others, and with some of his sons and daughters and grandchildren swam about in that easy manner that was so [illegible] to the finches.

"Why, anybody can see that anybody could do it," whispered Chuck, almost crying with mixed feelings; "and as for us, who can hop and fly—

There was no occasion for him to finish his speech, the very manner in which he stopped abruptly expressed everything.

"Look at those pretty little finches," said the patriarch duck to his family, as he swam about among them.

"It is very pleasant to see how every creature fulfils the purpose for which it is made, and while doing so is at once lovely and happy.

"What sight can be prettier for us than to behold those sweet birds fluttering and flying about? while to them," he added, with a modest pride, which his years and experience rendered very becoming, "we, as we glide along on the surface of the water, present a most pleasing spectacle.

"Now if we attempted to fly or they to swim, each party would at once become ridiculous in the eyes of the other, besides putting itself into great danger."

"Yes, dear grandfather," replied the dutiful ducklings; "and now do you think you will like to repose a little among the reeds and grasses and pick up worms and slugs?"

The ducks one by one touched the shore with a great deal of splashing and fluttering and then waddled up a little way above the pond, and turning round so as to have a good view of it, amused themselves by catching insects, the patriarchal duck lying with his chest flat on the grass, as he was fond of doing, and sticking his claws up between his wings and his back, while his plumage, owing to his great age and respectability, assumed the appearance more of hard round knobs than of tufts of feathers.

Now was the moment for the finches; a thrill went through the whole family, as if they had been one bird; they all felt that now was the moment—now or never.

Accordingly they fluttered down with great rapidity, intending to alight in the water; but at the last moment some instinct, I suppose it must have been, prevented this and instead of it they perched on some loose twigs and bits of sedge that lay on the water so close to the grasses on the bank, that they had got entangled among them and were almost part of that bank, although the weight of the birds nearly disengaged them, and caused them to float out on the water.

Then the patriarchal duck stretched out his long neck, opened his big beak, and quacked loudly—

"Beware, my dear friends, quack! quack! Beware—you will be drowned in another minute if you don't take care," He got more and more excited, as he saw how the danger increased.

"Excuse me," replied Mr. Finch politely, but trembling a little, "we are going to swim."

"You can't swim," shouted the patriarchal duck, almost beside himself; "you are sweet little birds, and the landscape would be nothing, nothing at all, without your plump little forms fluttering about, and your melodious voices sounding over our heads; but swim—no, that is what you can't do.

"Pray don't let me see a lovely and precious family commit suicide before my very eyes!"

Mrs. Finch and Chirrup plumed themselves with evident pleasure at his compliments; Mr. Finch looked doubtful and rather unhappy; but Chirp cried out pertly, "Chuck says we can."

"And who is Chuck," cried the patriarchal duck with profound contempt, "that his word shall be put above mine?

"Who is Chuck?" he repeated, shouting more than speaking, "quack! quack!"

Now, they none of them, least of all Chirp, though she had spoken up so manfully liked to say who Chuck was, for Chuck had never looked smaller, or more insignificant, or more like a newly-fledged bird than he did at that moment, with his tail so extremely short, after the manner of birdlings; and the idea of setting his word against that of this big, old, experienced, knobby, patriarch of a drake, they every one of them felt would be absurd, so the whole family rather crowded before Chuck, and tried too conceal him from the ducks.

Chuck, however, had no notion of being concealed.

He was not a bit ashamed of himself.

He turned his back on everybody, stuck up his ridiculous little tail in the air, and stepped towards the water, prepared to plunge into it, when he was suddenly arrested by perceiving beneath him in the pond a small pert impudent bird, who was looking up at him, and in another moment, he saw was mimicking his every motion.

Conceited creatures are generally very sensitive to ridicule and quick of temper, and Chuck was no exception to the rule.

Not to mince matters, I must confess that he flew into a passion.

He pecked violently at the small bird, who in return pecked violently at him, and then losing his head, as the phrase is, completely, he plunged down into the water, eager to revenge himself on the impertinent mimic.

Poor little Chuck, he had not the least idea that the other bird was himself, that it was merely the reflection of his own little pert self in the water.

What a commotion there was when Chuck disappeared, and when all the finches turned eagerly round, and could hardly believe in their terror and confusion what the splash meant; and then when at some distance from the shore the poor, pretty, little, half-drowned, draggled creature arose to the surface, and floated helplessly about, Mr. Finch flung himself forward and made desperate attempts to swim, which of course were utter failures; and no doubt he would have been drowned, if an active young duck had not waddled to the rescue and brought him safely to shore.

Ducks are kind-hearted creatures, and directed by their patriarch two or three were by this time swimming to Chuck's assistance.

It was not an easy matter to land him, as he could do nothing himself, and when at last he lay wet and still among the grasses, ducks and finches alike believed that he was dead.

Gradually he came back to life, restored by the wise and skilful treatment pursued by the orders of the patriarchal duck; but he was never the same Chuck again.

For months he was a poor, nervous, shaky little creature, and I have heard that, his constitution cannot be said to have ever quite recovered the shock.

But I doubt if he regretted this himself, or that even those who loved him best regretted it, for what does a little nervousness or delicacy of health matter, if they bring with them sweet temper and humility.

Chuck had received a lesson he never forgot. He was contented, amiable, and meek ever after.

MY PARTNER.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

MY name is Emil Niklas.

I went to England from Austria some ten years ago.

Before I left my home I was betrothed to a young lady named Bertha Ripka.

Her brother, Theodore Ripka, came with me to London.

He was a good fellow, and is still my closest friend.

But though I adored Bertha, and thought of nothing but the time when I should return to bring her to the land of my adoption where we should live out our lives together—I and my well-beloved—she was not what I thought her.

One day Theodore Ripka came to me, with a letter in his hand.

His face was pale; he looked at me with a strange expression.

"How shall I tell you, Emil?" he said. "Bertha, whom I know you love so well, has been false to you.

"She has married the rich retired merchant, Klauber."

From that day I hated women, and believed them all to be false and vile.

How I came to attend the masquerade ball of the Madrigal Club I scarcely know.

My friend John Smith gave me a ticket, to be sure, but I have had numbers of tickets which I have not used.

I think that it was because it was a masquerade that I went.

It was a splendid ball; the costumes were gorgeous, the music exquisite, and I love to dance.

A great deal of my old feeling returned as I glided through the waltzes or dashed through the galops.

I had chosen for my partner a beautiful figure in a domino of white silk and a white silk mask.

As the sleeves fell back from her arms I saw that all her bracelets were chains of pearls, and pearl drops shone in the ears, whose pink tips were just visible.

I had taken the liberty possible at a masquerade, and had asked her to dance without any introduction.

My partner danced beautifully—exactly as my little betrothed, Bertha Ripka, used to dance.

Her voice seemed to me to be like hers. A strange spell fell upon me.

At last I began to fancy that all the past was blotted out, and that I was again in Austria, and that Bertha Ripka was my betrothed, and we were at the great ball I so well remembered.

"I do not know your name. May I call you Bertha?" I asked.

My partner laughed.

"My name is really Bertha," said she.

"I knew it—I knew it!" I cried.

I held her more firmly.

Her little chin rested on my shoulder.

She was lighter than a fairy, sweeter than a rose.

"Bertha—Bertha!" I sighed. "Oh, this is bliss!

"We are both dead and in heaven, Bertha!

"When these people about us unmask we shall see a company of angels, with white wings!

"Bertha, my beloved! Bertha, my sweetest! Bertha, my own!"

She did not shrink from me as I uttered these wild words; she only clung the closer and I almost believed that what I said was true.

The evening passed like a dream.

At last, supper was announced.

This was the time at which all unmasked.

"Bertha," I signed, "let us be quite alone when you show me your face.

"Come here behind this screen of flowers, into this little corner where no one can see us.

"I know what face I shall see—I know, I know!"

The voice that answered me was very, very sad.

"Emil," it said, "be in no haste. When I unmask, I must go."

"Do not say that," I answered.

"I must say it!" she sighed. "I must do it! Oh, Emil, Emil, Emil!"

She laid her hand in mine, and I led her into the little nook, sheltered by the flowers.

"Let me unmask you," said I.

She lifted up her face.

I took the white mask softly between my fingers and threw back the white hood.

For a moment I looked into her face.

I swear to you into her face—the sweet pale face of Bertha Ripka, my beloved, my betrothed of the olden time.

By what magic she came there I did not ask.

I stooped to kiss her, and suddenly a flame sprang up before my eyes.

She stood before me in a light blaze, and shrieked for help.

I saw her golden hair catch in the flames and crisp and shrivel.

I screamed for help.

A crowd gathered.

In a minute more some men stood holding the remnants of a white domino, and laughing at me.

"Come back to your senses," they cried. "No great harm is done.

"Only a domino burnt at the end of the ball."

"The lady! the lady!" I cried. "Bertha—where is she?

"I saw her. She was on fire! I saw her hair burn—I——"

"My dear sir," said a gentleman, taking my hand kindly.

"I assure you no one has been hurt! This is simply a domino which someone has cast aside.

"A cigar—the flame of the gas, something has set it on fire!

"Be calm. You fancied you had set a lady on fire. Is it not that?"

I was calm now.

I knew that no human being could have been burnt in that place, and without the knowledge of the crowd, and I apologized for myself and took my way home.

I heard them say that I had been drinking, and laugh at me as I left them, and went out into the gray dawn.

I took the first carriage, and reached my rooms as soon as possible.

Without undressing, I flung myself on my bed, and slept long and heavily.

It was late the next day when I awoke. Someone was knocking at my door; staggering to my feet, I opened it.

Theodore Ripka stood there, pallid and horror-stricken, holding in his hand a yellow envelope.

"Great heavens! what news I have?" he cried.

"Oh, Emil, what horrible news! I have received a telegram from Vienna.

"The Ring Theatre is burnt. My sister Bertha was amongst the audience, and she has perished in the flames!"

"When did this happen?" I gasped, as I supported him in my arms.

He had only sufficient strength left to answer "Last night!"

THE UXORIAL BURGLAR ALARM. The humorous writer of the New York Times asks: Where is the husband who has not been roused from a sound sleep by a whisper in his ear that there is somebody in the house; that she (the wife) has heard footsteps on the stairs or in the hall, a rattle in the closet where the silver is, or a turning of the key in the front door. If he quietly informs her that he would like to go to sleep again, and that she can tell him in the morning how the burglars get along, with all the interesting particulars, he is declared to be unfeeling and reckless.

If he offers to rise, and prove to her the groundlessness of her apprehensions, she calls him desperate, and intimates that he wants her to be a widow. If he resolutely gets up, and starts on a voyage of discovery, the chances are that she will follow him, determined not to be left alone, much as he may assert that, in the very improbable event of a burglar being in the house, her presence will not assist in his ejectment or punishment.

Supposing that he persuades her not to accompany him, she will at least go to the head of the stairs, throw down all his old boots into the hall, and possibly his trousers, with his new chronometer in the fob, thus reducing it to a condition to defy the art of watchmakers. Whatever he may do or not do, she will be pretty certain to be disturbed and freshly frightened, and all his ways and plans to calm her, under her constantly recurring fears, come to naught. Every few nights, just as he is dropping off, she lays her hand upon his arm and says in a stage whisper: "What's that! Did you hear a noise? Hark! hark! Don't stir! What can that be? O dear, what is the matter?" With thrilling changes on these phrases that might curdle the blood of a man who had never been married. It is marvelous the eloquutionary power women have under such circumstances between midnight and three o'clock in the morning.

GROSS SUPERSTITIONS.—To walk under a ladder betokens misfortune, if not hanging, as it does in Holland. To meet a funeral when going to or coming from a marriage was considered very unlucky in Lanarkshire: for if the funeral was that of a woman, the newly made wife would not live long, and if it was that of a man, the fate of the bridegroom was sealed. If one heard a tingling in his ears, it was the "dold bells," and news of the death of a friend or neighbor might soon be expected. If knocks were heard at the door of a patient's room, and no person was found there when the door was opened, there was little chance of recovery, and if a man caught a glimpse of a person he knew, and found on looking out that he was nowhere to be seen, this was a sign of the approaching death of the person seen.

GET RID OF YOUR COLD AT ONCE by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and so avoid the risk of developing a serious Lung trouble.

Grains of Gold.

It is impious in a good man to be sad.

Extend to every one a kind salutation.

Confidence generally inspires confidence.

People do not lack strength; they lack will.

I hold him to be dead in whom shame is dead.

Injure not another's reputation or business.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

He is the greatest who chooses to do right at all times.

He who prays for his neighbor will be heard for himself.

When you bury animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

Poverty may excuse a shabby coat, but it is no excuse for shabby morals.

The exercise of the will has very much to do in determining our physical condition.

The covetous man is as much deprived of what he has as of what he has not, for he enjoys neither.

The essence of knowledge is having it to apply it—not having it merely to confess your ignorance.

The first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child, is always the conduct of its parents.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inclined.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

Knowledge is not simply what we read, but what we hold; but we are judged by the use we make of it.

Gratitude is a word that you will find in dictionaries, but you will not find much of it anywhere else.

Successes in society are the most difficult of accomplishment—you have to sacrifice your vanity to other people's.

Rendering good for good, he is the most generous who begins; rendering evil for evil, he most unjust who begins.

Our good deeds rarely cause much gossip among our neighbors, but our evil ones leap immediately into notoriety.

Happy-dispositioned people are generally healthy. Disease is rendered more deadly, and is often induced by fear.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great; they who are really great never seem to know it.

Honor is but the reflection of a man's own actions, shining bright in the face of all about him, and from thence rebounding upon himself.

One who had lived more than fifty years said, as the hand of death was upon him, "I have all my days been getting ready to live, and now I must die."

Piety must be habitual, not by fits. It cannot be put on when Sunday comes, and discarded when it is over. That would be the basest kind of hypocrisy.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it certainly proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.

Good-nature is the beauty of the mind, and, like personal beauty, wins almost without anything else—sometimes, indeed, in spite of possible deficiencies.

No man is so truly great, whatever other titles to eminence he may have, as when, after taking an erroneous step, he resolves to "tread that step backward."

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

Never suffer your children to require services from others which they can perform themselves. A strict observance of this rule will be of incalculable advantage to them through every period of life.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make an earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything that is gloomy.

Which will you do?—smile, and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everyone around you miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you show a smiling face and speak pleasant words.

We should correct our own faults by seeing how uncomely they appear in others. Who will not abhor a choleric passion, and a puny pride in himself, if he sees how ridiculous and contemptible they render those who are infested with them.

Self-examination is not simply hunting for disagreeable qualities of character. How does a man examine his business, take account of stock? He does not look up simply the debts, but examines all, and says this is good, this is bad, and this is doubtful.

The man who has an empty cup may pray, and should pray, that it may be filled; but he that has a full cup ought to pray that he might hold it firmly. It needs prayer in prosperity that we may have grace to use it, as it needs prayer in poverty that we may have grace to bear it.

Faithfulness and constancy need something else besides doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us—whatever would cause misery to those whom the course of our lives has made dependent on us.

Femininities.

Queen Elizabeth wore her prayer-book hanging from her girdle.

There are no better prudes than the women who have some secret to hide.

An Iowan whose wife goes on a trip is called "one of them grass fellows."

Queen Victoria's maids of honor receive $3,000 a year and their board and washing.

Blessed be the man who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Thirteen women received broken bones last year by falling from chairs while dusting down cobwebs.

Galvanic electricity was discovered by a woman, Madame Galvani, but her husband gets all credit for it.

A young lady at Betsville, Ohio, was frightened to death by the approach of a thunder storm the other day.

A woman recently died in London who for several years had served the authorities of Scotland Yard as a detective.

Pericles used to say it was best for women to be seen, and not heard. He evidently preferred the ballet to the drama.

Pretty girls are like confectionery in more ways than one. They are sweet, they are expensive, and they are conducive to heartburn.

In a horse-car—"Campbell, my dear fellow, don't show good breeding towards the ladies, or folks will think you came from the country."

Old Deacon Dobson always boasted that he was "prepared for the worst," and his neighbors rather thought he got it when he married his second wife.

You don't often hear of a self-made woman. Fact is, as a lady friend assures us, no woman who had her own making would make herself a woman.

A Boston paper calls a female swindler "an impostrix." Impostrix is good. Now bring along "beatrix," "loafrix," and "pickpocketrix."

Ice cream is now served in moulds to resemble asparagus. This won't do. The only thing that will turn the girls against it is to make it resemble onions.

At Landaff, N. H., is the grave of a Mrs. Bronson, who lived in three centuries. She was born in 1690 and died in 1801. It is said there are but three similar cases on record.

A conjugal catechism: "What is the whole duty of a married man?" "To be agreeable to his wife." "What is the whole duty of a married woman?" "To be agreeable."

If a few more women will just invent a few more medicines and have their portraits published with the advertisements thereof, the daily paper will soon look like a photograph album.

Bishop Gilmour has prohibited ladies of Ohio from joining the Land League, because it is a secret organization. But how the mischief can it be a secret organization if there are women in it?

A fellow lost a breach of promise suit in New York recently, because he addressed the girl who sued him as "My dear darling little sugar plum." In the eyes of the law that is going a little too far to back out.

Among the designs in jewel garters (information obtained through jewelers) are clasps in beaten gold, with ornamentation of silver filagree showy in clover leaf of silver resting upon background of gold.

"I'm glad Billy had sense enough to marry a settled old maid," said grandma Winkum, at the wedding. "Gals is so hittytity, and widders is so kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is thankful and willin' to please."

An observant exchange says that a man who sits in a comfortable seat in a horse-car, and talks earnestly to his companions on the welfare of his soul, while tired shop girls and other ladies stand up, needs some kind of conversion himself.

A writer says that "woman is primarily a being who listens." Yes, yes; but Heaven bless you, dear, she graduated from the primary grade long ago, and though she still listens, she doesn't stop talking to do it—not by a large and increasing majority.

A modern writer observes that "In a certain sense all attractive females are more or less flirts. A man always approaches a girl dressed in society politeness, and it is the girl's duty to pierce this thin coating of sugar and plum, and learn what is beneath. She cannot accomplish this without flirting."

There is a town in the northern part of Massachusetts where the girls are so abundant and the beaux are so scarce, that when a visit from a young man is expected, the road by which he approaches is picketed with females for a number of miles, each anxious to have the first grapple with him.

Tricycles grow in favor in London, and are to be seen daily, ridden by either sex, in the most crowded thoroughfares of the city. The National Dress Society recommends lady tricyclists to wear their new "divided skirt," both because it allows freer use of the legs, and because it offers less resistance to the wind—an important consideration.

A little girl was promised by her grandmother her gold watch when she should die. The child appreciated the delicacy of the situation, but after some hints her grandmother was prevailed upon to show her the watch. "I wonder," says the little one to her mother, as they were leaving the grandmother's house, "if I shall get the watch in time to wear it at the funeral?"

If every woman could find perfect equality in marriage there would be no single blessedness, no divorces, no woman out of her sphere, no man shirking his conjugal responsibilities, and no conflict between the sexes for equality. But a large proportion of men fail to demonstrate their ability to care for more than themselves, and as an accompanying feature we are obliged to hear so much about the independent, self-reliant woman.

News Notes.

Already 300 persons have been killed this year by tornadoes.

Last year our Government paid $61,224,200 to 252,861 pensioners.

Chambersburg has a brick machine with a capacity of 25 bricks a minute.

They don't call them hand-organs now. "Tourtaphones" the wise call them.

Cape Colony exported to England during the last fiscal year $22,500,000 in diamonds.

The value of the coffee brought to the United States from Brazil amounts to $50,000,000.

Bread made of sea-water is recommended for patients suffering from either dyspepsia or scrofula.

Grayson county, Kentucky, is pestered by forty-one candidates for the five little offices it has to bestow.

The appropriations by the present Congress amount to about $261,000,000 against $215,000,000 last year.

Small lotteries, in the guise of prize-packages of teas, candies, etc., are henceforth prohibited in Chicago.

The Yankee mullein plant is cultivated in England under the high-toned title of "American Velvet Plant."

Reports come from California, especially throughout the Sacramento Valley, of a scarcity of hands to harvest the crops.

A Baltimore street car company has just had $1,500 added to its "conscience fund" by one man, but no particulars are given.

The Japanese Government has 154 foreigners in its employ, including 78 Englishmen, 32 Germans, 21 Americans and 16 French.

An ounce of silver is valued at $1.04, a cubic yard at $618,218. The largest nugget known was found in Arizona, and weighed 40,320 ounces.

Mr. Allan Arthur and Miss Doremus, of New York, excellent banjoists, have enlivened several private parties at the White House recently.

A man at San Antonio, Texas, threw dynamite in the river to kill fish, but miscalculating the distance, had both hands blown off by the explosion.

A French statistician has calculated that if all the telegraph wires at present laid were fastened end to end, they would reach 40 times around the world.

A Chester county turkey hen was recently attacked with hydrophobia. She foamed at the mouth, and trampled and picked her ten little ones to death.

A man and woman, each over seventy years of age, were recently married at Bentleyville, Washington county, after a protracted courtship of one week.

The longest Congressional convention ever held in this country was that of the Fourteenth Ohio district, in which five hundred and six ballots were taken.

A St. Louis boy drank milk without taking the chew of tobacco out of his mouth. The milk washed the tobacco down his throat, and he died of nicotine poisoning.

The room in the Francklyn Cottage, Elberon, in which President Garfield died, is closed and draped heavily in mourning. In this condition, it is stated, it will always remain.

Two Indiana farmers went to law about a wrench, worth, probably, $1.50. The expenses thus far amount to $1,700, both litigants have mortgaged their farms, and the end is not yet.

Adele Hugo, the daughter of Victor Hugo, who has for many years been confined in a private lunatic asylum in Paris, has committed most of her father's poetical works to memory.

One of the great national works of the French Government is the planting of trees along the high roads of the country. The number of trees used to form the welcome avenues is 2,631,000.

A handsome monument to Prince Louis Napoleon is being erected by military subscriptions in England. The other intermeddlers in the Zulu war, not having been princes, are not noticed.

The piano forte manufacture, which has grown to such large proportions in this country, began in Boston in 1797, when "the ingenious Mr. Harris" constructed the first spinnet ever made in this country.

The Duke of Edinburgh recently hooked a fish that was so much stronger than he was that he pulled the Prince into the sea and sixteen feet under water. The Duke escaped, but nobody knows what became of the fish.

The sorrowful tree—so named because it flourishes only at night—grows upon the island of Diu, near Bombay. The flowers, which have a fragrant odor, appear soon after sunset the year round, and close up or fall off as the sun rises.

A Montana bridegroom, who failed to appear at the time set for the wedding, was sued for breach of promise; but when he showed that on the day appointed he was treed by a bear, the suit was discontinued, and the wedding went on.

A colored man named Brickett died in McCracken county, a few days ago, leaving an estate consisting of 4,000 acres of land and several thousand dollars to a white man who attended him in his last illness, and who had no idea that the negro was worth a cent.

Mr. J. B. Grinnell, the founder of the town of Grinnell, Iowa, is the hero of Mr. Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man; go West, and grow up with the country." He did go West, and never regretted it. He has the letter containing the advice photographed.

A financial magnate of Berlin was charmed with a new and most unusual pattern for trousers, but while desiring it for himself, did not wish any one else to appear in it. He therefore bought the whole, and has eighty-three pairs of these trousers. He is now dubbed the 83 pair trousers man.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS.

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER

CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

Established 1853.

KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.

SLATE MANTELS

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.

JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.

Office and Salesroom: 1710 Ridge Avenue.

Factory: 1231 & 1233 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

New Publications.

A very valuable little book entitled "Useful Information for Business Men, Mechanics, and Engineers," is issued by Jones & Laughlins, of Pittsburgh, Pa. It has 350 pages, crammed with rules, formula, etc., and is of a convenient size to carry in the vest-pocket. Price 30 cents.

"Atlantic City as a Winter Health Resort" is the title of a valuable pamphlet by Dr. Boardman Reed, of that city. It embraces official reports, meteorological tables, etc., concerning the climate there and the testimony of many eminent physicians as to its very beneficial effects on various forms of disease, particulary those of a pulmonary character. It likewise contains a number of useful hygienical hints and general information about its sanitary condition. It should be read by all interested in medical science and the care of the sick.

"The Mysteries of Marseilles," a love story, by Emile Zola, author of "Nana," and "L'Assommoir," is just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and is an absorbing love story of wonderful power, realism and interest; indeed it is safe to say that its gifted author never wrote a more remarkable work. From the flight of Blanche de Cazalis with Philippe Cayol to the first chapter in the last sentence in the book there is a constant stream of stirring and altogether unexpected incidents. The flight of the lovers is a pen picture of rare vividness. The trial for abduction, Blanche's perfidy and the struggles of Philippe's upright brother, Marius, are described in a most absorbing fashion. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

"A Woman's Perils; or, Driven from Home," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is powerful, interesting, original and rational, and will immediately take its place among the best novels of the day. Written in clear, breezy language, and displaying a wealth of exciting incidents, it rivets attention at the outset and holds it to the end. The plot is remarkably ingenious and absorbing, being conceived and unfolded with surpassing skill. The personages of the story are all admirably drawn. "A Woman's Perils" deserves to be universally read, and that it will sell largely may be set down as certain. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

"Sketches from Texas Siftings," illustrated, is the title of a book, now in press, and containing more than one hundred of the original humorous sketches, written by "The Sifters," Sweet and Knox, and published in "Texas Siftings," together with some sketches never before published. The book will be profusely illustrated and will be sold at 50 cents.

NEW MUSIC.

The latest number of *The Philadelphia Musical Journal* comes to our table as full of good things as ever, and presenting an unusually beautiful typographical appearance. It contains the following highly attractive piece of sheet music: Fairly Caught, He Giveth His Beloved Sleep, and The Old Cottage Clock, all popular and beautiful vocal selections; Chinese Serenade, a flowing and pleasing melody, and Evening Calm, an instrumental romance. All these are by famous composers, and the latest issues, their cost price at the music stores being much more than that of the current number of the magazine. One dollar a year in advance, or ten cents per single copy. Published by Chandler Publishing Company, 305 and 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAGAZINES.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly for July is, like all its predecessors, full of matter for the lover of flowers. How anybody having a flower-garden and knowing of this publication can do without it, we cannot see. It is crammed full of good reading from beginning to end, with lots of fine illustrations, including a splendid full-page colored frontispiece. At the same time the paper and printing are equally excellent. And yet the price is only $1.25 per year. We can recommend it in the highest terms.

In the *North American Review* for August, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes on Progress in Religious Thought, pointing out the many influences, social, educational and scientific, which are by degrees transforming the whole structure of dogmatic belief and teaching. T. V. Powderly, the official head of the Knights of Labor, the strongest union of workingmen in the United States, contributes a temperate article on The Organization of Labor. The well-known British military correspondent, Archibald Forbes, writes of The United States Army. Woman's Work and Woman's Wages, by Charles W. Elliott, is a forcible statement of one of the most urgent problems of our time. The author sees no advantage to be derived from the employment of woman in man's work. In a highly interesting essay on The Ethics of Gambling, O. B. Frothingham analyzes the passion for play with rare ingenuity. The Remuneration of Public Servants, by Frank D. Y. Carpenter, gives matter for serious consideration, both to the civil service reformers and their opponents. Finally, there is a paper on Artesian Wells upon the Great Plains, by Dr. C. A. White, of the Smithsonian Institution. It is sold by booksellers generally.

Among other articles of the highest value to every physician, *The American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, for July, contains the following communications, memoirs and cases: On the Nature, Mode of Propagation, Pathology, and Treatment of Scarlatina; A Case of Lodgment of a Foreign Body in the Cavities of the Nose, Orbit, and Cranium, where it remained five months, Removal by Operation; Notes of a Case of Lodgment of a Fragment of Iron in the Substance of the Brain; A Clinical Study of the Disease and Curability of Inebriety; Induced Septicæmia in the Rabbit; The Geographical and Climatic Relations of Pneumonia; A Case of Obstruction of the Inferior Canaliculus of the Eye by Dacryoliths; An Analytical Examination of One Hundred Cases of Extirpation of the Kidney; Value of Cardiosphygmography for the Determination of Cardiac Valvular Conditions and of Aneurism—particularly for examiners in life insurance; A Report of Three Human Monstrosities; Dissection of a Human Otocephalic Cyclops Monstrosity; On the Use of Carbonate of Ammonia as a Stimulant; A Defence of the Cæsarean Statistics of America; Case of Supposed Spontaneous Aneurism of Posterior Tibial Artery, etc. Henry C. Lea's Son & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. Subscription $5 per year.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for August: The Physiology of Exercise, National Necessities and National Education, Acoustic Architecture, Progress of the Germ Theory of Disease, A Gigantic Fossil Bird, The Book-men, About Elephants, The Chemistry of Sugar, Transcendental Geometry, My Spider, Sudden Whitening of the Hair, How Plants Resist Decay, The Topmost Country of the Earth, Sketch of Baron Adolf Eric Nordenskiold, Entertaining Varieties, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

That excellent weekly journal of medical science, the *Medical News*, published in this city by Henry C. Lea's Son & Co., has just closed the publication of its first volume in its present convenient form. We are pleased to know that its circulation, not only in this country but in foreign parts, is commensurate with its excellence.

The Sanitarian for July contains the following valuable papers: The City Needs a Change of Air, Protection Against Disease, Protective Power of Vaccination, Evidences of Insanity Discoverable in the Brains of Criminals and Others Whose Mental State has been Questioned, Lead Pipe Dangers to Potable Water, The Perils of Immigrants. Besides these important and timely papers, there is an editorial periscope of subjects appertaining to the preservation of health, of interest to everybody. A. N. Bell, Publisher, New York.

In the August *St. Nicholas*. Hjalmar Boyesen tells How Burt went Whale-hunting in Norway; Miss Lucretia P. Hale, of Mrs. Peterkin in Egypt; David Ker contributes Hassan's Water-melon, a Turkish tale; an amusing poem is The Punjaubs of Siam; and James Baldwin continues the Stories from Northern Myth.

Then, with A Visit to the Home of Sir Walter Scott, are a number of new interior views of Abbotsford. Paul Fort's story, The Mysterious Barrel, contains some capital yarns by an old sea captain. How a Hoosier Boy Saw the Tower of Pisa, is not only interesting and exciting, but true. The Cloister of the Seven Gates is an old time story of the Servian kings, and Summer Days at Lake George brings us with a jump to America and to-day. Beside these, is a sailor-boy story of an American lad who went to Portugal and took part in a bull-fight.

Among those who contribute poems and verses are Celia Thaxter, Jool Stacy, and Margaret Johnson. And there are pictures by Blum, G. F. Barnes, Church, Edwards, Beard, Hopkins, Cooke, Jessie McDermott, and others.

Then come the usual Departments, and the Agassiz Association reports great progress. The Century Co., N. Y.

The splendid *Magazine of Art* for August is up to its usual excellence, which is the highest praise.

The following are the leading subjects treated, most being illustrated, with full-page and other magnificent engravings: Prince Charlies Parliament, The English Claude, Advanced Art, Canterbury Cathedral, The Portraits of Francois I, An Ancient Picture Gallery, The Thames and its Poetry, A Fair Patrician, and Byways of Book Illustration. There are also several departments all well filled with excellent articles and timely written. There is no better magazine of the kind published in the world. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, New York. Price 35 cents per number.

Our Little Ones for August is all that could be desired in the way of a magazine for youngsters. This number contains twenty articles in prose and verse printed in large type on heavy paper, and illustrated by no less than a dozen artists of reputation. Terms only $1.50 a year. Russell Publishing Co., Boston.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has the following contents for July: Plant-Cells and Their Contents, by T. H. McBride, Illustrated; The Jews in Europe, by Dr. J. Von Dollinger; Porcelain and the Art of its Production, by Charles Lauth; The Physiology of Exercise, by Emile du Bois-Reymond; A Curious Burmese Tribe, Lieutenant G. Kreitler; Problems of Property, by George Iles; The Ethics of Vivisection, by Dr. Samuel Wilks; Borax in America, by Dr. W. O. Ayres, Illustrated; Protoplasm, by Frances Emily White, M. D.; The Mechanics of Intermittent Springs, by Dr. Otto Walterhofer, Illustrated; A Premature Discussion, by Mrs. Z. D. Underhill; The Relation of Music to Mental Progress, by S. Austen Pearce, Mus. Doc., Oxon; Dr. Gunther, on the Study of Fishes; The Development of Cities, by M. Badonreau, Illustrated; Sketch of Professor S. S. Haldeman, with portrait; Entertaining Varieties; Correspondence, Editor's Table; Spencer's Descriptive Sociology—Electric Storage-Batteries; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York.

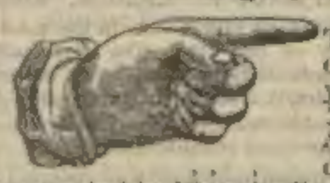
The contents of *Lippincott's Magazine* for August are light and summary throughout, suggestive of mountain rambles and sea-side excursions. St. Jerome's Day with the Pueblo Indians is a well-illustrated paper descriptive of a half-religious, half-barbaric festival in New Mexico. An Adirondack Home, by P. Deming, has the well-known characteristics of the writer. The Romance of Childhood, by Henry A. Beers, is a charming paper. Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer's concluding paper on the Alleghanies gives a deeply interesting sketch of the career of Gallitzin, the prince missionary who did so much for the early civilization of the mountain regions of Pennsylvania. Bay Beauties and Bay Breezes, by P. V. Huyssoon, is very amusing; while an article on Shires and Shire Towns in the South, by Anthony Van Wyck, traces in a manner that will be new to most readers the influence of these territorial divisions on social habits and political ideas in the Southern States. The new serial, Fairy Gold, grows in interest. The short stories, Edge-Tools, by Eleanor Putnam, Mrs. Larrabee's Morning Call, by Charles Dunning, and Marcy Hartwick, by Chauncey Hickox, are bright and entertaining; and the editorial departments are as well filled as usual. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

The August *Wide Awake* is notable for some very beautiful drawings of girls with flowers; the exquisite frontispiece, accompanying the exquisite poem of How the Laurel went to Church, by Emily A. Braddock, Pasture Lilies—a sumptuous Sheaf, and Canada Lilies on Stately Stems. Among the good short stories is a true one of old frontier life, in which figures Simon Kenton, the famous Kentucky backwoodsman; another, likewise a true one, is by Mrs. Louisa T. Craigin, The Floral Procession, a story of Old Boston, with Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis as one of its characters. A long installment is also given of The Trojan War. Edward Everett Hale describes his late visit to the English Parliament; and the comedy, No Questions Asked, moves on amusingly. An art article is entitled John Angelo Visits the Water Color Exhibition. It has thirty-one engravings and fac simile sketches of prominent pictures. The Chautauqua Reading Course abounds in good things; but the charm of the number to hosts of young folks will be the sparkling operetta, The Rebellion of the Daisies, with its effective situations and costuming and its brilliant music. Only $2.50 per year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston Publishers.

The Century Magazine for August, as usual contains a great deal of interesting reading, together with a number of admirable wood engravings. The most noteworthy of the illustrated papers is that by Alice Maude Fenn on The Border Lands of Surrey, with which the number opens. English scenery gives the artist ample opportunity, and the illustrations to this article are extremely beautiful. E. V. Smalley begins a series of papers on The New Northwest, and J. B. Holden finds material for several readable pages in the American Museum of Natural History. Under the title An Aboriginal Pilgrimage, Sylvester Baxter gives an account of the recent visit of the Zunis to Boston, and Cosmo Monkhouse writes at length, with much graphic power, about Some English Artists and their Studios. Other articles are on Garibaldi, on Wagner and on Steam-yachting in America. The Century Co., New York.

THE GRIOTS.—These are peculiar itinerant musicians who wander all over Central Africa from shore to shore. They belong to different low castes, but are under one chief of great power, who takes what he needs from the general receipts. This guild is both feared and hated by the negro natives. The members of it are considered impure. The bodies of the dead are thought to make sterile the land in which they may be interred. But it seems these people are skilled in composing without previous study, and in playing on the guitar and violin. The least gifted among them beat the tam-tam or operate on some other rude instrument. They carry news from place to place, and it is said that they also excite wars. But whether there is peace or war in a locality, they have the peculiar privilege of coming and going as they please.

RIGHT habit is like the channel which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper with each year.



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Columbiaville, Mich, June 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Jamestown, Mo., June 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

T. S.

Decatur, Ill., June 24, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. R. H.

Iron Mountain, Tex., June 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

W. F. B.

Chattanooga, June 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. B.

Verndale, Minn., June 23, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., June 24, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

White River, June 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

T. S.

Parry Harbor, Canada, June 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

E. R.

Tarboro, N. C., June 21, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

W. O. L.

Marlboro, O., June 25, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

G. W.

Marengo, Va., June 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

F. M.

North Hector, N.Y., June 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. C.

Stockdale, Tex., June 19, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. D. R.

Chehalis, Wash., June 28, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., June 19, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. P.

Berlinton, Ind., June 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Peconic, La., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

DESTINY.

Three maidens, bright and pretty as can be,
So that I scarce can choose between the three,
Sat Sunday evening in the gallery.

The first her mother joined when church was done,
And two were left—I wanted only one.

The second met some other girls, and took
Her homeward way with them—without a look.

The third another fellow got—while I
Went home alone. Can this be destiny?

Humorous.

What is that which is often found where it is not? Fault.

A man can never succeed at pocket-picking until he gets his hand in.

A young man at a recent fire threw away a pail of water because it was too hot to do any good.

What relation is your father's only brother's sister-in-law to you? Why, your mother, of course.

"This is the rock of ages," said a tired father who had kept the cradle going two hours, and the baby still awake.

The idea that fruit eaten at night is deleterious, is proved by the bad effect it had upon Adam from eating an apple after Eve.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

Why is there never any need of complaining that a lamp is heavy? Because by twisting up a piece of paper one can make a lamplighter.

How much has been written about the paths which lead to glory and the grave! But it seems to us that the paths of glory which lead to the grave are allopath and homœopath.

The average society young man is not unwilling to marry; but he must have a wife who can support him in as good style as he has been accustomed to while living off his mother.

Of a person noted for a certain useless over-pity, a wit said, "He was so benevolent a man that, in mistaken compassion, he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."

A medical journal devotes a whole column to explaining what causes cold perspiration. Any one who has gone up a dark alley and stepped on a dog would be wasting valuable time in reading it.

It is said to be pleasant to be a parent, but when your child has a predilection for thunder storms, and cries because you don't set one to going, you must think that the fun brings along its aggravations.

What relation is a loaf of bread to a steam-engine? Bread is a necessity. A steam engine is an invention. Necessity is the mother of invention; therefore, a loaf of bread is mother to a steam-engine.

When an old lady wanted to know of the iceman why the ice crop was so short last year, he gave her perfect satisfaction by stating that "it was owing to its having been badly injured by the frost."

"Deacon Jenkins was yesterday threatened with a severe concussion of the spine, but is now out of danger," was the way the rural editor stated that the deacon got over the fence in time to escape the old ram.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says "a craze for old broomsticks is coming." Quite likely. It is not new, however. Married men, it is stated on excellent authority, have often been struck with the craze.

A Western paper says: "China is probably the only country in the world where red hair is held in honor." Don't know about that. A red-headed woman in this country is generally treated mighty civilly.

"Yes, Judge," said the prisoner, "I admit that the back of my trousers was tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

"Never marry a lawyer's daughter. She inherits the habit of cross questioning from her father." Upon the same principle a man should never marry an editor's daughter, because she is almost certain to put a display head on him.

"No," said the thin-legged young gentleman, "I never sing or play. I consider my company sufficiently valuable without any of that sort of thing, you know." "So it seems," replied Fogg; "but does anybody else so consider it?"

Two men lately met on the field of honor, one armed with a rifle, and the other with an axe. The affair was afterwards commented on by the coroner, who explained to the friends at the funeral that rifles as a general thing have a longer range than an axe.

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, 15c.

They have raised the fee for marriage licenses in New York, and propose to add the increase over the old rates to the school fund. Now what we rise to ask is, "Isn't this commencing rather too previous to make a man pay for educating his children?"

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

It is all very well for health journals to tell people who are restless and unable to sleep at night to place the head of their bed towards the North, but it does no good unless you take the baby to the other end of the house and place his head towards the South.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Wells' Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

There are some dispensations of nature which are not easily comprehended by the casual inquirer, and do not become very much plainer when carefully examined. One of them was remarked upon the other day by a young lady. "It is very curious," she observed, "altogether unaccountable, indeed, that the tortoise, from whom we get all our tortoise-shell combs, has himself no hair whatever."

"I'll be hanged if I don't," said the convict, when asked whether he intended to apply for a pardon.

CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD—TRAINS TO THE SEASHORE.—The "season" at Atlantic City is now fairly under way, all the cottagers having been on the ground for a month or more, and the hotels being nearly full with summer boarders. A stay at Atlantic City is particularly pleasant at this time, when the close atmosphere of the city is exchanged for the cool breezes of the seashore. The place owes a large part of its popularity to its ease of access, and the quick transit afforded by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. This Company is always anticipating the demands of its patrons, and has begun the summer with a considerable increase in its equipment, there having been recently added a train of new cars of the most elegant description, a new Woodruff car, and two new locomotives built expressly for power and speed. The Camden and Atlantic has been successful in earning for itself a reputation for safety and for the regularity of its trains. This railroad runs the whole length of Atlantic Avenue, and passengers are distributed at all principal points. A pocket time card, lithographed in colors, has been recently issued, giving all trains to and from Atlantic City. The number of trains by this railroad is greater than that of any other line from Philadelphia to the coast, there being seven daily, eight on Saturdays, and five on Sundays. The depots of this Company are at Vine and Shackamaxon Street Ferries, and the time of express trains is 90 minutes.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

THE GREAT SHOPPING MART OF AMERICA.

Goods are sent to all Parts of the World from

WANAMAKER'S GRAND DEPOT,

or

Thousands of Ladies are now doing their Shopping without leaving home.

EVERYTHING *In Dress or Dress Material*

For Everybody, of either Sex or of any Age. Write for Samples and Prices of what you want. They will be freely and promptly sent.

Address, plainly,

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Grand Depot,
Thirteenth & Market, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED

JESSE AND FRANK JAMES
CINCINNATI PUB. CO.

Our Latest Revised and Enlarged Edition of the **James Brothers** is complete to date, including the **Death and Burial of Jesse.** Profusely Illustrated with 50 portraits and engravings. **12 Fine Full-page Colored Plates** made in the highest style of Lithographic Art, at a cost of **$2500.00**; also a full-page engraving of **Frank James**; no other book has this portrait. **Agents Wanted** Circulars free. Outfits 40cts. Beware of Bogus Books. Secure only the **Best, Largest** and **Cheapest.** CO., No. 170 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 8½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 30cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l'rs free **CARDS 4S 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; cost $1 worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Printing Rubber Stamps. Circulars free. FOLJAMBE & CO., successors to G. A. Harper & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FITS A Positive Cure

Where all other remedies fail even to benefit. Because you have been victimized by numerous quacks do not despair of now receiving a rapid and **permanent cure.** DR. LASCELLE, the great English specialist on this distressing disease, is acknowledged to be the only physician in the world whose treatment effects positive and radical cures. After repeated solicitations from the medical fraternity of America, the Doctor has consented to give the Epileptic sufferers of the country the benefit of his celebrated remedy. *It costs you nothing to try it, and it will surely cure you,* as a sample will be sent free, prepaid, to any sufferer who sends his name and address to Slocum & Co., Sole Agents, 4 Cedar St., New York.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD!

Visiting Cards **50 Chromos** Latest Designs, no two alike 10c. 13 pks. $1, or 25 large chromos 10c. Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each order. Album of samples 20cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Conn.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,
21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, *New & Artistic Designs,* name on, in case 10c. Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven Conn.

BEATTY'S **Organs** 27 stops, $90. **Pianos** $250. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

30 Gilt-Edge Compliment Cards, with name, in elegant case, 10c. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

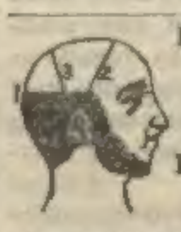
50 LARGE all new Chromo Cards for 1883 with name 10c. Try me. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

ORGANS
27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $109.75

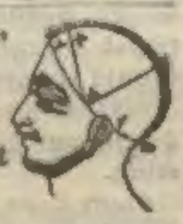
The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case, suitable *for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School.* Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

$109.75

Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organs built on the old plan, $60, $40, $50 8 to 11 stops. ☞ *Catalogue FREE.* Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

☞ **CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.** ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L.A.S.L.
Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. EIGHTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS H, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1883.—147th Monthly Drawing.

Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of
General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va.,
who manage all the drawings of this Company, both **ordinary** and **semi-annual,** and attest the correctness of the published Official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at $5 Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$5,000	10,000
5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
9	do	do 250	2,250
1967 Prizes, amounting to			$255,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, address only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.,
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.

OPIUM HABIT EASILY CURED with DOUBLE CHLORIDE of GOLD.
Essay Free. *The Morphine User;* 200 pp. $1.00. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., DWIGHT, Ill.

40 CARDS, All Chromo, Glass & Motto, in case, name in Gold & Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,
Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE!

"A Treatise on Chronic Diseases."

Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., Toledo, Ohio.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert jewelers fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called **Diamante Brilliants,** they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 3-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants,** but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums,** confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. *The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting*

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of **three dollars** we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 times, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants.**

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $3 instead of $2. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The Post is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its sixtieth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting promises of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, expensively printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific, News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $1 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or responsible firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

NOVELTIES in all departments connected with the toilette are in no wise lacking, and it must be owned that for the most part they deserve and will obtain success.

Never, for many years past, have the toilettes been so becoming, so suitable, so elegant or so artistic, for the true æsthetic law has been arrived at after some time of mistakes and ridicule, that any toilette, whose style and color suits the wearer, is beautiful and the correct thing.

A love of graceful lines and respect for colors governs Dame Fashion for the present, and shows, we think, a rapid progress of artistic taste; hence no lady feels obliged to wear a costume totally unsuited to her style of figure because it is fashionable, for any well made dress, draped to show her figure to the best advantage, and of a color to harmonise with her complexion, is in the fashion.

Perhaps no part of the toilette has been so attentively considered and so successfully carried out as coiffures and chapeaux; not only is the hair arranged, coiled, curled, and knotted to suit the shape of each head and face, but the chapeau which crowns the graceful coiffure is chosen with a sure and unequalled taste.

It is therefore impossible to count, far less to enumerate, the shapes which are in favor; shapes differing from each other as much in dimensions as in character.

They all have equal success as all have numerous votaries, and they are so graceful, the brims being bent into any shape to suit the face, the upper part of the brim, which is liable to be ugly in these cases, being draped with soft rich feathers, or covered with flowers, that many most opposite shapes suit the same head; this can be seen when the young girl who is assisting a customer to make a choice of chapeaux places each on her pretty head and looks equally well in all, no matter how little they resemble each other.

It is impossible to enumerate one-hundredth of the different chapeaux; capelines of lace, as a snow-flake but yet of large size, and with a floating flounce all round; the Houdetel capeline, with wide brim in the Mary Stuart form on the right, but more developed on the left in order that a bouquet of flowers or rosette of ribbon may be placed beneath, as we see in pictures of coquettish shepherdesses by Watteau; the lovely large hats in the gems of Rubens, Rembrandt, or Gainsborough, covered with drooping feathers, have in no wise lost their popularity; small capotes glistening like stars, however, are the chapeaux selected par excellence, trimmed with a spray of flowers or a plume of feathers.

Side by side with these are innumerable other varieties, large and small; high-crowned, wide-brimmed hats like those of musketeers; capotes and chapeaux covered with beads, recalling Margaret of Valois; specimens from Auvergne and the Tyrol, like their caps placed squarely on the head, or the strange cone-shaped hat encircled with lace and feathers.

Thus, with this slight description, it is easy enough to perceive that no lady need fear to choose a suitable chapeau; the large wide brimmed hats suit a round face to perfection; the capotes look lovely on a delicate oval face, while the capelines are specially becoming to those ladies with thick fluffy hair curled by art or by nature; chapeaux with open overhanging brim in front and pressed on the ears are very becoming to full faces for ladies of all ages.

I noticed a pretty embroidered costume the other day.

The material was Nicuna, and the color a dark peacock blue. At the bottom of the very short skirt was a thick ruche of the material, with another of satin of the same color; in the centre, and above this came the embroidery, a wreath of yellow jasmine with bronzed leaves, and over this again came a short tunic of folds of the material, gathered under an embroidered band in front, and formed into a large bow behind, the ends of which were embroidered and reached the trimming at the bottom of the skirt.

The bodice was a coat one with just a spray of the flower worked at the corners of the basques and upon the revers which opened it over a drawn waistcoat of satin.

The sleeves were of satin drawn the entire length, and the small hat was also of satin with one short feather of the same color.

Shepherd's plaid and narrow striped black and white silks are again this season used for costumes and washing silk answers well for this purpose, and here is an example that forms a pretty toilet which is at the same time a useful and a dressy one, the last named silk.

The skirt has a box-pleated flounce about six inches deep bound with a band of black velvet two inches wide going all round, and above, though not at the back, which is hidden by the drapery, are a series of narrow gathered flounces, each bound with a narrow band of velvet placed alternately with rows of black Spanish lace.

The paniers gathered in front and edged with lace, reach to the top of the flounces and are drawn under a sash drapery of silk and lace behind.

The short coat bodice has revers, deep cuffs, and wide collar of velvet, and is double breasted, fastening with gold buttons.

The hat is a large one of black lace, with pink roses under the brim on the left side, and a bouquet of pink roses ornaments the top of the black parasol.

Very soft thin woolen materials of all shades, of biscuit, brown, and grey, make some of the prettier morning dresses; but nevertheless the sateens and linens are extremely elegant, though rather darker in tint and more covered by the pattern than they are generally for summer wear.

Moire and watered silk, especially the former, are still used a good deal for trimmings, and wide sashes of both are to be seen upon almost all dresses.

A color which for a long time has been unfashionable, namely slate, is now often used for costumes, it being generally of some woolen material trimmed with silk or moire to match; and another favorite dark color is a dull green of which I have seen several costumes made without any additional trimming, with hats to match, as should always be the case for the one stuff dress that we all find such a necessary thing during our uncertain summer and for traveling.

Short coats of silk and brocade made double-breasted, with handsome buttons, but no trimming, are fashionable, and are most useful garments, as they can be worn with any dress, looking extremely well with those of light color or white ones; in the latter case, a skirt only being needed. Small capes to match the dress in color are made of silk or satin, and will be found convenient when we have hotter weather, while the same kind are made of red silk and worn with black or white dresses.

When no mantle or cape is worn with the costume the bodices are very often pointed back and front with wide loops of ribbon falling from underneath, with broad collars tied with a falling bow of the same.

I must not conclude this without describing a few of the prettiest ball dresses. Amongst the prettiest of the prettiest was a white tulle dress, composed of numerous skirts without any trimming, but falling over each other in all directions.

A white satin corselet was worn over a low-necked crossed body of fulled tulle. Not a flower, not an ornament of any kind.

Another dress was of straw-colored tulle over satin. Garlands of for-get-me-nots crossed over the skirt, and a wreath to match was on the head.

Another much-admired dress was of blue satin, with a white lace body and train. The body was full at the shoulders, and at the waist. A single rose was in the centre of the body, and a chatelain of roses on one side of the skirt, holding up the train.

I can recommend the following as a most elegant visiting-dress. It is of plain black silk. The skirt has three flounces, trimmed underneath is a lace chemisette. Silver studs, to match the buttons, are then placed in the buttonholes of the right front of the body.

The sleeves are of the Bishop shape, puffed at the armholes, and gathered into a band of embroidery at the wrists, which are fastened by silver buttons. A large bow with long ends, is placed at the back over the point of the body.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

THERE is still the rage for screens of all kinds, and much beautiful and original handiwork is expended on them. They vary in height from shutting out draughts.

There is a fancy in the drawing-rooms just now to shut in a corner with a standing screen, and arrange a cosy nook for two or more persons.

A pretty table and a becomingly shaded lamp are placed within.

The panels of some recently exhibited screens were of alternate peacock-blue and old gold Roman sheeting, ornamented with boldly-designed flowers, worked with odds and ends of ordinary double Berlin and other worsteds.

They stood out well from the background. Some large red field poppies had some of the petals bent forward, standing out from the rest of the flowers by means of a piece of thin cardboard worked over with the wools, and then fixed on to the rest. The effect was exceedingly good.

Clematis, in shades of purple and mauve, can be worked in the same way; also large red tæonia and passion flowers. The work can be carried out from nature or from colored prints.

Smaller screens, for standing on a table, have the panels of white silk, and a slight sketch painted on in water-colors, with two figures also worked in silks. The faces of the figures are cut out of a colored print and gummed on; the outline is in water-colors, and the hair, cap, dress, etc., are worked over in appropriate colored filoselle.

The little bit of landscape is usually a foreground of a fragment of cottage wall, against which the embroidered flower wreath rests, and a little background behind the figures.

On each panel is a different wreath, subject, and life study, and when mounted in black wood is most effective.

Another style of screen, a full-sized one, has panels of satin sheeting, with rushes, iris, grasses, etc., worked boldly, rising from the base, in crewels, and stuffed birds laid on and appliqued, standing or flying as in nature.

Only half the bird is put on. This style is also carried out by working the birds in silks, over padding, so that they stand out considerably from the panel. Some screens, lately exhibited, were effectively arranged with a trellis, composed of velvet piping about ½in. wide, laid on to satin, with wild flowers of every kind, and creepers worked in crewels, silks, or worsteds.

One was of gold satin, with brown velvets and the other, a smaller one, of pale blue, with olive green. Over this latter trailed briars, roses, and clusters of large ripe and unripe blackberries.

Several screens have been covered with Hindley's Japanese-lacquered wall papers, and then painted in ordinary oils. A good effective design is selected with flowers or birds, and these are colored according to taste and nature.

The paper takes oils perfectly. Occasionally the dado only of a screen is thus arranged, the upper part being of painted American cloth, or in some instances of looking-glass. Painted looking-glass is finding favor, and small table screens, ornamental drawing-room table mirrors, the backs of small pianos, the centre of fire-boards, and the panels of doors or cabinets are composed of it.

The painting is done in oils. The mirrors are set in ebony frames, and in velvet.

Photograph frames of gilded wood, with a space cut out for a single cabinet photograph look very well. The space is to one side, and the flower painting also, only a little trail peeping out on the other side. On one side of the cut-out space the width is just double what it is on the other. The design of flowers is usually on the left side, if a pair of frames are required, the corresponding one is on the right. Circular clocks are now frequently fitted into the centre of china plates, or into a broad circlet of velvet.

The centre of the plate is, of course, removed. They are fastened up by a strong ring to the wall. The velvet can be painted or embroidered, but is more usually plain. I have lately seen some terra-cotta plaques effectively arranged with the photograph of a friend.

The plaque was first painted a lightish blue, deepening in color towards the lower end; when quite dry, the photo was cut to an oval and gummed on.

Lastly, a spray of flowers and leaves was painted in oils, and the whole varnished. A clear white varnish was used not copal. I have also lately seen some colored photographs arranged on cardboard, with a surrounding composed of dried flowers and grass, afterwards framed in velvet. If the flowers did not completely encircle the photograph, the space was filled in with a twisted colored ribbon of two shades, painted in water colors.

It has become much the fashion of late to imitate the pretty Limoges china in oils, afterwards varnishing with copal varnish. Any glazed ware, however common, will take oils, and out of the most despised household castaway an artistic ornament can be produced.

Blacking bottles and salt jars are among the castaways of a house, but if these are first painted blue, shading from light into dark, or brown, fading into a greyish blue; allowed to dry perfectly, then painted in oils, with a spray of flowers, leaves, and tendrils, and lastly varnished, they are worthy of a place on a table and of being filled with flowers.

A three-legged pitch pot, used by painters and also in old days for cooking over a gipsy fire, if ornamented as I have described, becomes a thing of beauty, planted with a fern.

Honey pots can be painted over in the same way, and indeed, almost anything. A piece of Limoges (called by some people barbotine) china, should be obtained as a guide to color, etc. It is not the kind with the detached flowers, but that with raised ones, to be had in great beauty at any china shop.

The blending of the two colors is a specialty, and, though roughly done, is most artistic. In light to very dark blue is the most effective. A lady, who has done an immense amount of this work, raises the flowers by means of plaster of Paris mixed with gum. She forms the flowers thus, leaves them till dry, and then paints over. For the light blue ground use cobalt, with flake white, and for the darker add indigo, etc., making and deepening as the work proceeds, and lake white put on very thick, and then colored, has a good effect.

Correspondence.

O. W., (Amand, O.)—It is impossible to give detailed directions for furnishing a house of six rooms and a small hall for $30. 2. We think you will succeed.

READER, (Marshall, Tenn.)—The expression "all serene" is slang. It is derived from the Spanish word serena, which is used in Cuba by sentinels for the English phrase "all's well."

ESTELLA, (Norfolk, Va.)—You will have a long search if you wish to find a lover entirely devoid of jealousy. Perhaps you give yours some little occasion for it, for you speak so easily of giving him up that we should think you had but little affection for him.

CANADIAN, (Ingersoll, Ont.)—By people of the Northern States of America the term Yankee is applied exclusively to native inhabitants of the New England States. By Southern people it is applied to the inhabitants of all the Northern States. By foreigners it is applied to the inhabitants of the whole United States. The word was formerly spelled Yankey.

MIN, (Plymouth, Me.)—A scaly appearance of the skin is usually an effect of some disease—some disarrangement of the digestion, or some ailment of the blood. The only way to cure such an outward effect is to remove the internal cause, and this is apt to require medical treatment. Careful diet and plenty of exercise in the open air are sometimes efficient remedies in such a case.

S. J., (Perry, O.)—According to your statement, the young man evidently cares a good deal for you. As you will soon be twenty-one years of age, you can very well afford to postpone your decision till then. After that, if the young man should ask you to become his wife, you would be entitled to decide the matter for yourself. Still you should avoid hurting your aunt's feelings as much as possible.

BOOKWORM, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Old theological works do not bring very high prices, and although Dr. William Gouge was one of the famous Westminster Assembly of Divines, and a man of whom "none ever spoke ill, but such as were disposed to speak ill of religion itself," we are afraid that very few take much interest now in his big folio volumes, of which there are modern and cheap editions.

A. C., (West Chester, N. Y.)—A story is told—but, of course, not on good authority—that Mahommed attempted to show his power by commanding a mountain to come to him. The mountain did not move, whereupon Mahommed, not at all disconcerted, walked over to the mountain, making the remark you quote. It has passed into a proverb for one who, not being able to do what he wishes, does what he can.

WILEY, (Orleans, Vt.)—1. The phrase "Buying a pig in a poke" is said to have originated in a trick of a countryman who put a cat into a poke, or sack, and sold it in a market as a sucking pig, the buyer not having taken the trouble to inspect it before paying his money. The discovery of the trick is said to have originated another saying, "Letting the cat out of the bag." 2. "By Jingo" comes to us from the Basque language. It is "Jinko," which is the name of the devil.

SEVENTEEN, (Leavenworth, Kans.)—You are not the only young lady living who wishes she was married. Indeed, there are many ladies twice, nay, even three or four times your age who are wishing for such a consummation twenty times a day. Possess your soul in patience; you are still young, and things may soon turn out all right for you. But on no occasion ask a young man who is paying his addresses to you what his intentions are: if you are the least observant, you should know this without asking.

P. L., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The English alphabet was not invented by anybody. It grew out of the Latin alphabet; the Latin alphabet was derived from the Greek; the Greek from the Phœnician. The Phœnician alphabet is the old semitic alphabet, which, though used by many semitic nations, is of unknown origin. And this old alphabet, which came into being in those obscure ages which antedate history, has become the mother of nearly all the prevailing modes of alphabetic writing in the world, including our own.

S. T., (Somerset, Pa.)—The Temple of Janus, was a covered passage, near the Forum, in Rome. This passage contained a statue of the god Janus, who was worshipped by the Romans, and after whom the month of January was named. The passage had two entrances, which were kept open in time of war, and shut in time of peace. During the reign of Augustus Cæsar, which comprised the year 29 B. C., Rome ruled the whole of the then known world, and when she was at peace, of course the entire world, so far as known, was at peace. Such an event occurred during the reign of Augustus, and he ordered the gates of the Janus passage to be closed, in commemoration of the fact. It is said that these gates were closed but four times in the entire Roman history, extending over more than a thousand years.

JOHN JONES, (Gibson, Ark.)—The Great Eastern was built at Millwall, on the Thames, in England, and was launched on January 31st, 1858. She was intended for general freight and passenger traffic. On the trial trip some of the steam pipes burst, killing seven men, and ill luck has attended her ever since. In 1859-61 she made several trips to New York, but always at heavy loss of money. In 1864 she was sold for $125,000, which was less than one-half the amount spent in launching her after she was finished. She was then used to lay cables with good success. In 1867 she again crossed the Atlantic, but again at a large pecuniary loss. Since 1874 she has lain most of the time in the Mersey, a source of expense to her owners. The Great Eastern is 692 feet long, 83½ feet wide, and can carry 22,000 tons of coals and merchandise. She is still the largest vessel ever built.

RACHEL, (Middlesex, N. J.)—You ask what is the difference between egoism and egotism. There is just a t difference, that is all, if you take them as the same word—selfishness and self-opinionativeness, from ego, I. But if you look to philosophy you will find that egotism means the opinion of one who thinks everything uncertain except his own existence. The Egotists were uncertain followers of Descartes, and entertained a not very difficult notion to a super-refined brain, that upon ego, I, the person thinking, was based the essential reality of all things, ego alone certainly existing. Again, some people try to make egotism a stronger word than egotism, and others declare that egotism is the stronger, and denotes a more passionate love of self. We hold that the words have about the same value: egoism is the more correctly formed, but it may be that one may be detailed by some great writer to bear a weightier signification.